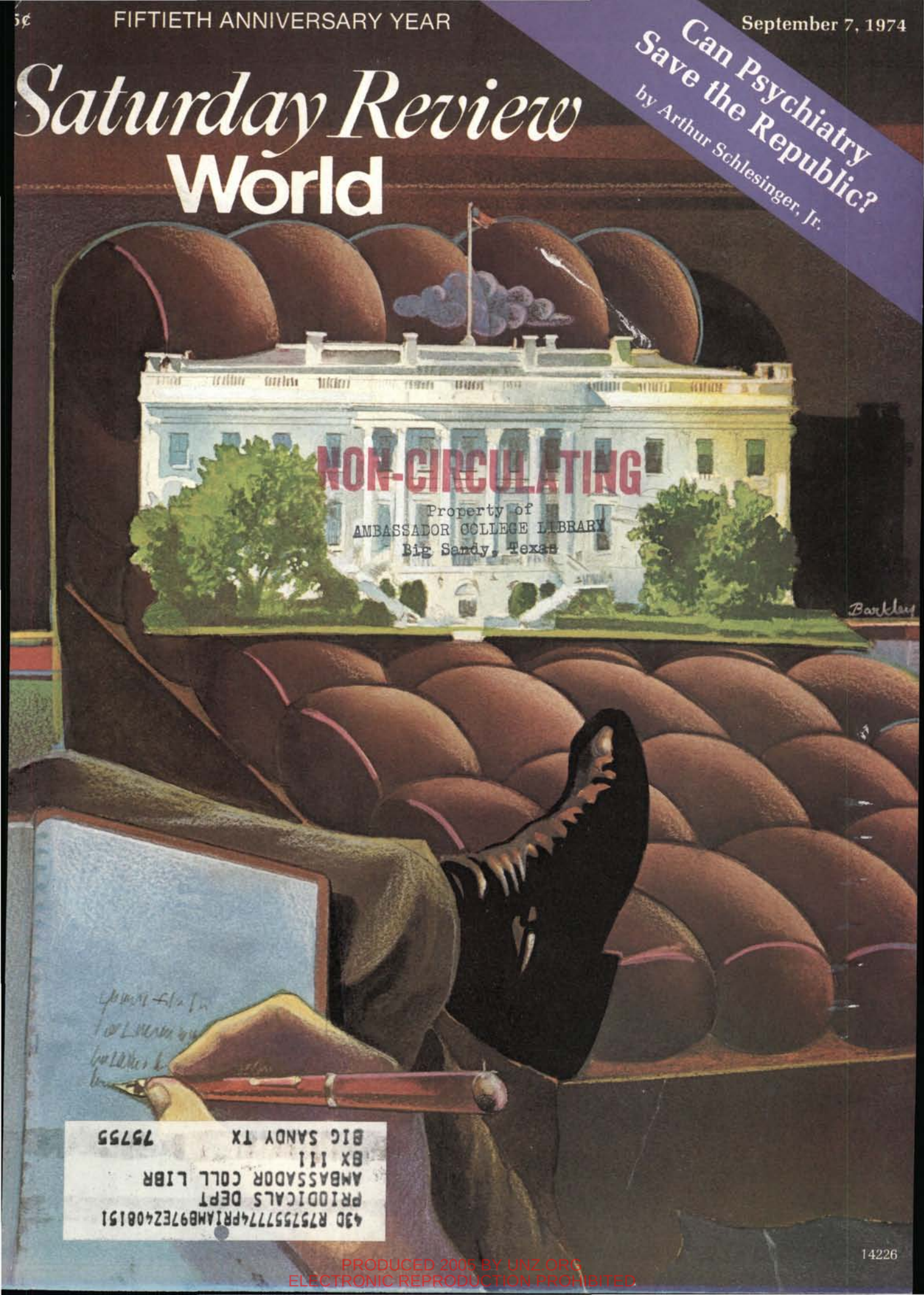
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

September 7, 1974

Saturday Review World

Can Psychiatry Save the Republic?

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.



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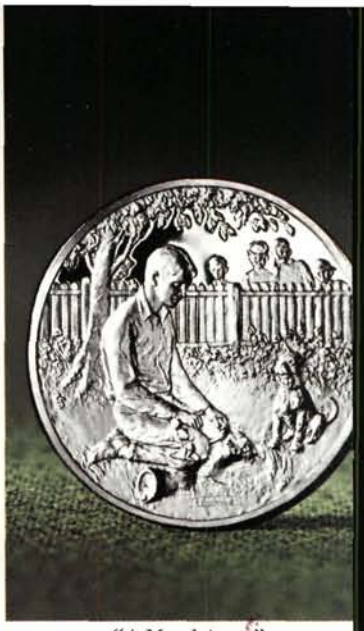

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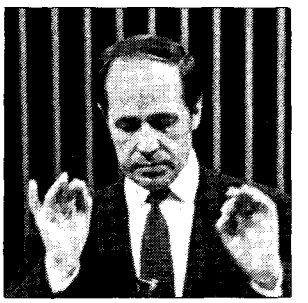

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Cartoonists: Bob Schochet, Joseph G. Farris, Dana Fradon, Lo Linkert, William P. Hoest, Manuel Alvarez Junco, William R. Maul, Herbert Goldberg

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Lessons for a President and a Nation

Something of value is to be learned by everyone, in or out of politics, from the events culminating in the resignation of Richard M. Nixon from the American Presidency. The American people have learned more about the real nature of their political system and their government than they have ever learned in their classrooms.

What lessons are there to be learned by Gerald Ford and by future Presidents?

The first lesson is that a new code of political behavior has been mandated by Watergate. Repeatedly, the defenders of President Nixon—and Richard Nixon himself—contended that they were merely doing what had been done all along. They said in effect that this is the way the game has always been played; and they seemed surprised that people weren't sophisticated enough to take Watergate in stride.

The lesson to be learned here is that it is not particularly important whether Richard Nixon was the first to bring dirty tricks to the Presidency. The lesson to be learned is that the American people are determined that he shall be the last to do so.

In this determination, the American people are not thinking solely of buggings or break-ins or burglaries carried out by one political party against another. They are thinking of the President's responsibility to stay with the truth, even when unpalatable or inexpedient. They will not countenance lying by a President to the nation. Here, too, it doesn't particularly matter that Richard Nixon was not the only President to lie to the American people about the extent of U.S. involvement in a foreign war. It matters that the American people have served notice on their leaders, now and for all time to come, that they do not regard themselves as fit subjects for mendacity and manipulation, that they plainly have the resolve to plow through the muck in order to get at the facts, and that they have the capacity to punish office-holders who play games with truth.

If the American people have learned a great deal more about Constitutional government than they ever learned before, then men in government have reason to know more about the American people than they ever knew before. The highest office-holders in the land have now been instructed in the penalties of arrogance. They now know that they are not dealing with "children" who can be fobbed off or who can be told only that which bolsters the personal powers of the leaders.

Educable men in politics will have no difficulty in perceiving the lessons that Watergate and Vietnam have in common. The bad habits the government developed in Vietnam spilled over to Watergate and, in fact, to the entire body politic. If the White House could lie and devise cover-ups for the bombing of Cambodia, or for the use of defoliants in Vietnam, or for what actually happened in the Gulf of Tonkin, then it seemed easy enough to carry over those tactics to situations at home. A powerful way of squelching debate over foreign policy was to argue that our actions abroad were dictated by the requirements of national security. The same argument became an irresistible device for the President's highest aides for promoting their personal political security.

Similarly, it was not unnatural that the President's aides should have turned to the C.I.A. to subvert or destroy the rights of American citizens. After all, the C.I.A. has been able to use secret and unvouchered funds to carry out illegal activities in other countries. Why shouldn't some of this highly developed capability, it was reasoned, be put to work in behalf of the man who was the ultimate boss of the C.I.A.? A critically important lesson we hope will not be lost on President Ford is that, whatever the nature or extent of the C.I.A. involvement in the Watergate horrors, its subversive activities abroad can no longer be considered Constitutionally or morally acceptable. If we violate the laws of another nation, even in our own supposed national interest, we are criminals under our own laws.

What else has been learned? It is possible that office-holders have also learned that the American press cannot be either discredited or intimidated by direct or indirect threats of reprisals or government control. None of the abuses charged to the press by Vice-President Agnew or President Nixon has any standing alongside the public service performed by the American press in persisting with its investigative reporting on Watergate, without which not all the links in the Watergate chain would have come into public view.

More important than any of the foregoing, perhaps, is that all those aspiring to high public office can now ponder some freshly demonstrated truths bearing on the eternal debate over ends and means. Richard M. Nixon wanted to be a great President. No one can doubt his sincerity when he says that his overriding ambition in the Presidency was to help bring peace to the world. And the historic record shows that no President in recent years did more to give a

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predominantly constructive turn to U.S. foreign policy than did Richard Nixon. It may be argued that this turn is primarily attributable to Henry Kissinger. The argument is not persuasive. If it is proper, as it is, for Richard Nixon to be taxed with the activities of Robert Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and more than a dozen others, then it is equally proper to give him credit for the activities of Henry Kissinger.

The main point here, however, is that the means Richard Nixon used to serve his political ends destroyed any opportunity he may have had to persist in his quest for peace. His use of shabby tactics to destroy his political opponents, as in the cases of Helen Gahagan Douglas, Jerry Voorhis, Governor George Wallace, Senator Edmund Muskie, and others, ultimately brought him down and proved once again that the means shape the ends. It is being said by some commentators that the real tragedy of Richard M. Nixon is not that he ran counter to the American character but that he mirrored it. It is said that all the contradictions manifest in him—his ability to articulate the highest ideals of public service and his propensity for flouting them in his actions; his ability to rally large numbers of people to his side and his low estimate of them; his ability to command deep personal loyalties from the individuals who worked under him and the means he employed to check up on them; his call for generosity of spirit (nothing was more compelling in his farewell talk to his staff than his statement, made with unmistakable sincerity, that any person in public life has to expect that some people will hate him, but that the "only way they can win is for you to hate them back") and his political vindictiveness (this was the same man who could maintain an "enemies" list in the White House in order to punish his political opponents)—all these contradictions, it is being said, are also deeply ingrained in the American character. Not so. A more accurate reading of the American character is to be found in Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma.* Thirty years ago Myrdal anticipated what will undoubtedly become the historic verdict on recent events.

"America," Mr. Myrdal wrote, "has the most explicitly expressed system of general ideals in reference to human interrelation, compared to every other country in Western civilization. This body of ideals is more widely evaluated and appreciated than similar ideals anywhere else. . . . The ideals of the American Creed have become the highest law of the land. The Supreme Court pays its reverence to these general principles when it decides what is Constitutional and what is not. America has had throughout its history a continuous discussion of its principles and the implications of its democracy. A discussion which in every epoch, measured by any standard, remained high. . . . The American Creed has been the ideological foundation of rational morale."

MEN OF GOOD WILL are now saying that all the lessons have been learned, that the books can be closed on Watergate, and that there is no need to complete investigations or to proceed further with prosecutions.

The issue here, however, is not whether the American people should be magnanimous. The issue is whether the lessons learned from Watergate can be made the basis for whatever new laws or changes in the political structure may be necessary to reduce the likelihood of future abuses of power. Unless everything is known about the way the office of the Presidency can be distorted and disfigured and made to serve personal ends, it is not likely that the corrective process will be as precise as it has to be. Make no mistake about it: Watergate was no mere caper. It was only the visible part of a profoundly dangerous departure from the traditional forms of American government. It represented a set of mind that was unwilling to work within the established limits of power, a set of mind that took easily to totalitarian accoutrements, including secret police, attempted corruption of legal processes, violations of the guaranteed rights of citizens, bribery, illegal surveillance, and obstruction of justice.

This is a serious business, much too serious to be washed out in mistaken notions of magnanimity and charity. The attempted subversion of a nation by its highest elected officials must yield to the same legal process these officials attempted to thwart or exploit for their own purposes.

Should there be no compassion for Nixon the man? No one could have watched Richard Nixon in his resignation talk to the nation, or in his extemporaneous farewell remarks to his staff, without having been moved by the sense of personal tragedy or by the positive qualities of the man. He had dignity in defeat; he was able to meet the challenge. The big need was to knit the country together again. He had a part to play in that purpose; it was not small or easy, but he understood it.

It was said of King Charles V that "there is a soul of goodness in things evil." The eternal mingling of the good and the bad, the noble and the venal, the harsh and the gentle, is what brings drama and reality together. The millions of people in America and throughout the world who have admired and applauded Richard Nixon need not feel they saw things in him that were not there. What they believed in and responded to was real enough. Their belief in the possibilities of the man, however, was larger than his own belief in himself.

It is not necessary to stomp on this man in defeat. What is necessary, however, is for the American people to have access to the complete record. The investigation must run its course, not out of any sense of vindictive pursuit, but out of a great need to protect the nation against a dreadful recurrence.

It is now 325 years since the trial of King Charles I on charges that he waged a foreign war without the sanction of Parliament, arrogated to himself powers and privileges beyond the proper and legal reach of monarchy, and was in contempt of the rights of citizens. The events that led up to that trial, and the trial itself, were carefully scrutinized by the American Constitution-makers. The phrase "high crimes and misdemeanors" came directly out of English history. So did the idea that the House of Representatives, corresponding to the House of Commons, would have the power to impeach, which is to say indict, and the Senate, corresponding to the House of Lords, would have the power to judge. The minutes of the American Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia show that there was general agreement that the trial of King Charles, in the perspective of British history, served not only to set new limits to the power of the monarchy but also to create a new framework for representative government.

In the perspective of American history, the most important lesson of Watergate is that the ultimate power of this society must be consolidated in the hands of the American people. How this can be done in the modern world, with all its complexities and tensions, many of which call for prompt response, is the largest and finest test yet to confront the American intelligence. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Alternative to a Nuclear Future?

Atomic Energy Commission Commissioner William Doub claims in his letter (*Letters From Readers*, June 15) that presently operating nuclear reactors have a capacity equivalent to 300 million barrels of oil per year. The problem with this statistic is that nuclear power plants are delivering only about 60 percent of their capacity. Thus every 1,000-mw nuclear reactor delivers only 600 mw of power. Because each 1,000-mw nuclear reactor costs $600 million, this means a net loss of $240 million per reactor. By 1980, former Federal Energy Office Administrator William Simon predicted, 200,000 mw of nuclear reactors would be operating. With their present cost and operating record, we shall have lost $48 billion on nuclear reactors by 1980. Before we are irrevocably committed to the super-dangerous nuclear technology, we should carefully examine what $48 billion invested in alternative energy-supply systems, such as solar, wind, geothermal, sewage and solid waste, would do by 1980. With a rational program of energy conservation, we could abandon the nuclear reactor program and be independent and safe by 1980.

Anthony Z. Roisman
Washington, D.C.

The Irish in Jail

Robert Shelton's article ("The Geography of Disgrace: A World Survey of Political Prisoners," June 15) rather strangely fails to mention Irish political prisoners in its world survey. The evidence of torture of Irish political prisoners in Northern Ireland and in England continues to mount, as was recently shown in the case of the force-feeding of the Price sisters in an English jail. . . . In view also of the Irish torture cases now pending at the Strasbourg Court, one would certainly think the Irish prisoners merit attention. . . .

Rita Bones
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mayor of Merit

I cannot imagine Roger Williams writing about black mayors and omitting Cincinnati's Ted Berry ("America's Black Mayors: Are They Saving the Cities?" May 4). He is recognized nationally as much as (or more than) any of those highlighted in Mr. Williams's article. While assistant director for the Office of Economic Opportunity under the Johnson Administration, he established the community action program throughout the United States. . . .

Donald Waldrip
Cincinnati, Ohio

"Here's a guy who wants to donate $200,000. What do I say?"

Editor's note: We are grateful for Mr. Waldrip's observation. However, Roger Williams limited his discussion to black mayors currently in office.

A Novel Fiction

. . . If, as Mr. Wouk says ("You, Me, and the Novel," June 29), Sir Walter Scott is "turning over in his grave" at current historical romances, he must be deathly dizzy by this time after being credited the author of R. L. Stevenson's *The Master of Ballantrae*—so much for Scott's chance at rejuvenation. . . .

Bruce W. Nolan
Bethany, Conn.

Editor's note: The error in the undercaption is chargeable to the editors and not to Mr. Wouk. We are grateful to Mr. Nolan and about three dozen other correspondents for a well-deserved rap over the knuckles.

Unsung Composers

A brief note to tell Irving Kolodin how very much I admired his article on Barber and Menotti ("Farewell to Capricorn," June 1). His evaluation, it seemed to me, was a particularly sensitive one. In my view, Barber is not sufficiently appreciated as a composer. I believe that one reason is to be found in the mistaken belief that musical vocabulary *qua* vocabulary has a quality of its own. Many listeners and evaluators confuse expressive intent and achievement with methodology and aesthetic predilection.

William Schuman
Greenwich, Conn.

The Spanish Conquest

Thomas Middleton tells us that "Women's Lib" is now pecking away at personal pronouns (*Light Refractions*, June 29)! And he finds "sexist" implications even in French grammatical usage (but we'd expect that from the French, *n'est-ce pas*?). Mr. Middleton should be happy to know that the Spanish solved the problem generations ago. Their third-person personal possessive pronoun, *su*, should make *everybody* happy, since it can be translated as "his," "her," "your," "their," and even "its"! . . . So, everybody in favor of replacing "sexist" pronouns with *su*, please raise *su* hand!

The Reverend John B. Kelley
Christchurch, Va.

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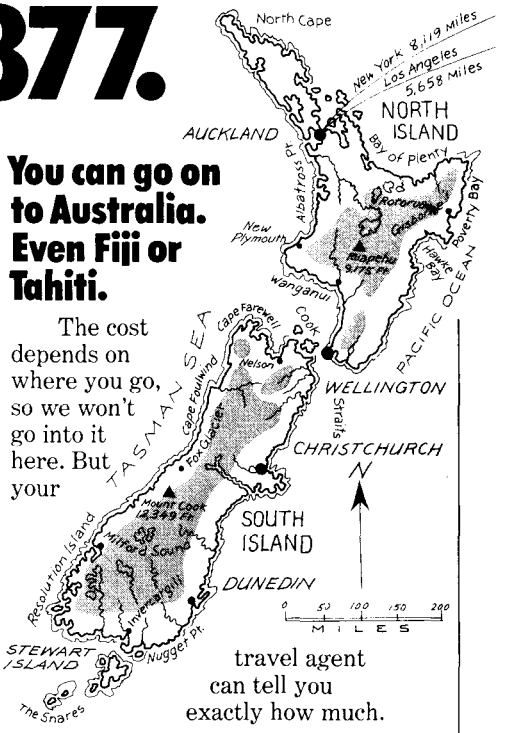

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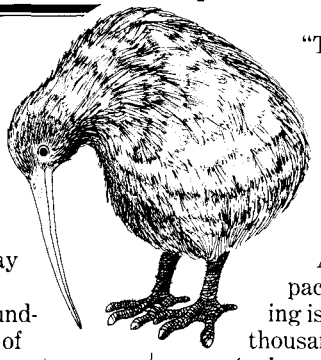

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World Progress Report

Numbers Games

Only a short generation ago it became obvious that Johnny not only couldn't read or write but also couldn't add, subtract, multiply, or divide. Innovative educators rushed to the rescue, however, by announcing that the trouble wasn't with the child but with the curriculum. Their solution was "new math," which replaced rote learning and sterile computation with heavy doses of abstract principles and number theory. Students could go through school with barely a passing encounter with actual numbers, much less the multiplication tables, and emerge with lucid understanding uncluttered with practical techniques.

The result, as critics at the time prophesied in vain, was a generation afflicted with epidemic mathematical illiteracy and an actual fear of dealing with numbers, a condition called "mathophobia" by Jerrold R. Zacharias, an M.I.T. physics professor and educator. With support from the U. S. Office of Education and the Carnegie Corporation of New York, Dr. Zacharias and his colleagues at the Education Development Center in Newton, Mass., have devised yet another curriculum: one that promises to avoid the hazards of meaningless memory work and number manipulation on the one hand and dry theory on the other.

Dubbed "Project One," EDC's teaching system uses television techniques pioneered by "Sesame Street" and "Zoom" to introduce numerical concepts in real-life situations. "Props" include common, practical objects with numbers: calendars, clocks, scoreboards, cash registers, speedometers, and so forth. Problems deal with everyday facts of life rather than with x, y, and z: how many gallons of gas it will take to get home or how much paint it will take to do a room.

One of the stars of Project One's TV series is a character named Max Million, conceived to reduce the concept of 1 million—impossible for a child to grasp in the abstract—to concrete terms. Thus, Max tries to save a million pennies by filling 1,000 cans with 1,000 pennies each, he logs a million miles in space by making two round trips to the moon, and he celebrates anniversaries every million minutes.

Project One is being tested this fall on educational television stations in New York, Boston, Hartford, Atlanta, Oklahoma City, and Los Angeles. Although the series is being offered initially as a supplement to existing curricula, Dr. Zacharias and his colleagues are confident that its methods will influence traditional ways of teaching. Hopefully, he says, "in three or four years we'll have the math mess cleaned up."

Ancient Japanese Yen

Among the dry statistics cataloged in the Japanese Health and Welfare Ministry's forbidding *Survey on the Socio-Economic Aspects of Vital Statistics (Marriage) for Fiscal 1973* is the fact that some 2,144,000 Japanese married each other last year. While marriage is an ancient and honorable institution in Japan, the government's pollsters found among 1973's newlyweds evidence that matrimonial customs have changed.

In traditional Japan, for instance, most marriages were *miai-kekkon,* alliances initiated by parents, relatives, friends, or professional matchmakers. The government's survey revealed, however, that 62.8 percent of last year's weddings were love matches in which the partners found each other without outside help. Of these, 43 percent grew out of "contacts at work or in connection with work," testifying to the increasing liberation of Japanese women in the economic life of the country.

The survey also revealed a continuation of the post-war trend toward small families in the island nation with a population already nearing 110 million people. The average age of the groom in 1973 was 27, while that of the bride was just over 24. About 90 percent of the couples surveyed told the pollsters they wanted only two or three children, permitting the hope that population pressures will begin to moderate.

Erogenous Zone

Back in the dim past when prudery was respectable, Boston was the most respectable town on the map. While a seamy, sex-for-sale district flourished not far from the seat of government, Boston primly legislated straitlaced censorship of everything even vaguely blue.

In recent years, when urban renewal sited a new government center smack in the middle of the run-down, honky-tonk district, the persistence of vice in Boston became difficult to ignore. Meanwhile, the courts' growing respect for constitutional freedoms made it impossible for the city to put the porno shops and other sex peddlers out of business.

Instead, in a triumph of prudence over prudery, the city fathers have decided to put the best possible face on things. The red-light district, called the Combat Zone by everyone, is to be officially designated as an "adult entertainment district," where anything goes as long as it's legal. The area will be dressed up with new facades for the storefront operations, two parks, and even a shuttle-bus service for bringing in the customers for what used to be banned in Boston.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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The Oldest Profession in Nevada—and Elsewhere

Winnemucca, Nev.

Casting about for more male tyrannies to vanquish, militant feminists are giving increasing attention to a most depressed segment of the sisterhood, the prostitutes. Feminists and male fellow travelers have mounted a drive to "decriminalize" prostitution—that is, to erase state and municipal laws against it. There are rumblings to this effect in a half-dozen legislatures from New York to Hawaii. Armed with a handful of favorable lower-court decisions, public-interest lawyers are pursuing cases aimed at invalidating anti-prostitution statutes in Louisiana, Indiana, and California.

The prostitutes are active in their own behalf. There is now a self-proclaimed "hookers' union," called Coyote, with chapters in San Francisco, New York, and Seattle. Coyote claims 9,000 dues-paying supporters, 10 percent of them working prostitutes, and this past June it held a loudly colorful First National Convention in a San Francisco church.

The reformers, however, are arousing little interest in Nevada, and the reason is simple: large areas of Nevada already have in effect decriminalized prostitution, and two counties have even licensed it. Nevada, perhaps the strangest of America's states, must contain more prostitutes per capita than any place in the world. Except for the free-lance hookers of Las Vegas and Reno, they are regarded as solid citizens who happen to be practicing the oldest profession. In 10 counties of Nevada, prostitution is treated as an extra-legal but perfectly permissible addition to the ranks of local enterprise. And in the contiguous counties of Lyon and Storey, near the California border, brothels are licensed under county-option legislation enacted by the state in 1971.

In Las Vegas, as well as in Reno, prostitution is forbidden by the same state law that permits it elsewhere. Legislators from the two metropolitan areas, fearful of the effect of licensed brothels on voter sentiment as well as on the family tourist trade, saw to it that the forbidden fruit was forbidden.

Nevada has in all about three dozen undisguised brothels, ranging in staff size from a few "girls" to 15 or 20. The brothels are grouped in two ragged lines: across the top of the state, running west from Wells; and along route 95, running northwest from Las Vegas to Reno. Las Vegas is serviced primarily by two brothels located off these beaten tracks, to the northeast, just over the line into Lincoln County.

NUMEROUS CLAIMS are made in support of the brothels. They allegedly prevent disease, cut down the rape rate, do away with the rolling of customers, remove the pimp and streetwalker from the scene, and—yes, even this—provide teenagers with a suitable means of initiation into manhood. But the chief reason seems to be tradition, or its running mate, inertia. "It's what you grow up with," says Bill Macdonald, city attorney of Winnemucca, a Humboldt County town of 5,000 that has five unlicensed houses. "The county's been here since 1861, and the town—and the houses—came along eight-ten years later. The feeling is that they've always been here, so why close them?"

Furthermore, Macdonald says, Winnemucca's prostitutes are good citizens: "During my 11 years in office, I can think of only one shooting involving a house, and two or three drunks have thrown bottles through windows. We get a lot more trouble than that out of our regular saloons. There's been talk about licensing the houses as a revenue measure, but what we pick up in taxes we'd probably lose in charitable contributions. They're steady supporters of the Boy Scouts and the church raffles." Is there vocal opposition to prostitution in Winnemucca? "I haven't heard any in 10 years."

Over in Lyon County, there was a good deal of opposition until three years ago, when the county commissioners unanimously voted to license its four houses. Now, says one of the commissioners, rancher Bob Griffin, "there's still a few religious groups against it, but we don't hear from 'em." One reason for this is that the houses provide a fat segment of the county's tax income; at $1,000 a month for three of the houses and $500 for the fourth, the license fees add up to $42,000 a year. "Like gambling, the houses are a way of life here," says Griffin, "something that's just tolerated. And we figure that if you're going to tolerate something, you might just as well license it." Does prostitution help the tourist economy? "Is a 15-minute stop beneficial to tourism?" chuckles the commissioner. "I'd say no." Asked how long it has been going on in Lyon, Griffin chuckles again and—after excusing himself to the ladies present in the county clerk's office—recites from memory lines written by Nevada's adopted son, Mark Twain:

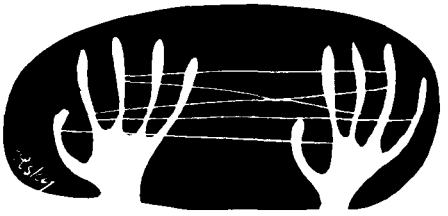
The miners came in Forty-nine,
The whores in Fifty-one.
They rolled on the bar-room floors,
And then came the native sons.

The attitudes are much the same in neighboring Storey County, which has one highly successful house, the Mustang Bridge Ranch. Like the Lyon houses, the Mustang caters chiefly to tourists from nearby Reno. Mustang's bossman is Joe Conforte, a gregarious, bejeweled former easterner who has served two penitentiary sentences. Although he is known to have only one house, Conforte is commonly referred to as Nevada's "brothel czar." He gets lots of bad press around the state and was accused last year of swinging a Storey County election by registering his 30 girls and then telling them whom to vote for. (He of course denied the charge, but visitors to Mustang noticed a sign on the wall urging employees to "Register to Vote"; it was posted alongside reminders to get periodic checkups for venereal disease.)

LOCALLY, CONFORTE IS REGARDED as a good businessman who pays $4,500 in license fees every three months. County officials say the only trouble they can recall at Mustang occurred a few years ago when an 87-year-old man died while being entertained by one of the girls. That, the local folks agree, is the kind of thing that can happen anywhere.

The brothel madams hereabouts describe themselves as "businesswomen," and so they are, amassing untold but large sums of money. One madam has launched a political career. She is Beverly Harrell, *chargé d'affaires* of the Cot-

(Continued on page 29.)



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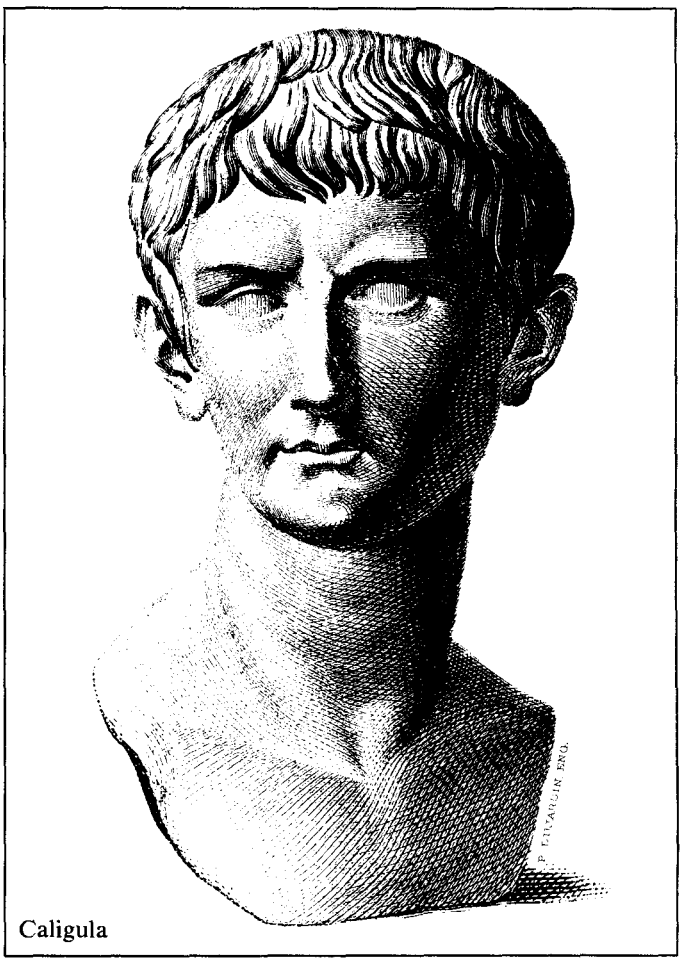
Nero



Caligula

Illustrations: Culver

"For most of history the possibility of living under the rod of a madman was one more uncontrollable but min

Can Psychiatry Save the Republic?

Nonsense, writes a noted President-watcher who prefers the impeachment process to the dubious ministrations of a White House psychiatrist-in-residence.

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Among other perennial burdens, the plain people of the world have long had to suffer the possibility that those who rule over them might turn out to be lunatics. From the Neros, Caligulas, and Heliogabaluses of the Roman Empire to the Hitlers and Stalins, the Duvaliers and Nkrumahs, of our own enlightened age, deranged men from time to time have wielded the power of the State—men whose relations to reality were at best intermittent and whose energies, at least in the view of their victims, might have found better outlets by weaving baskets at the funny farm. For most of history this possibility of living under the rod of a madman was one more uncontrollable but minor statistical risk, like the hazard of hurricanes or of the plague. In recent times the risk has come to seem unendurable—partly because the rise of democracy has instilled the idea that rulers are accountable to the ruled; partly because the rise of psychiatry has created the impression that madness is readily identifiable and occasionally curable; mostly, perhaps, because the risk of madness at the pinnacle is no longer minor when science and technology have handed rulers the power to blow up the planet.

We are all disconcerted, to put it mildly, by the awareness of the acute vulnerability of our civilization to the unconscious wishes, drives, and obsessions of a few persons possessing vast power. Nor can we any longer comfortably regard this vulnerability as a problem peculiar to dictatorships across the seas. As our own political order has increasingly concentrated in the presidency, and as Presidents have begun to break out of the constitutional system of accountability, in recent years we Amer-

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at the City University of New York and author of The Imperial Presidency.

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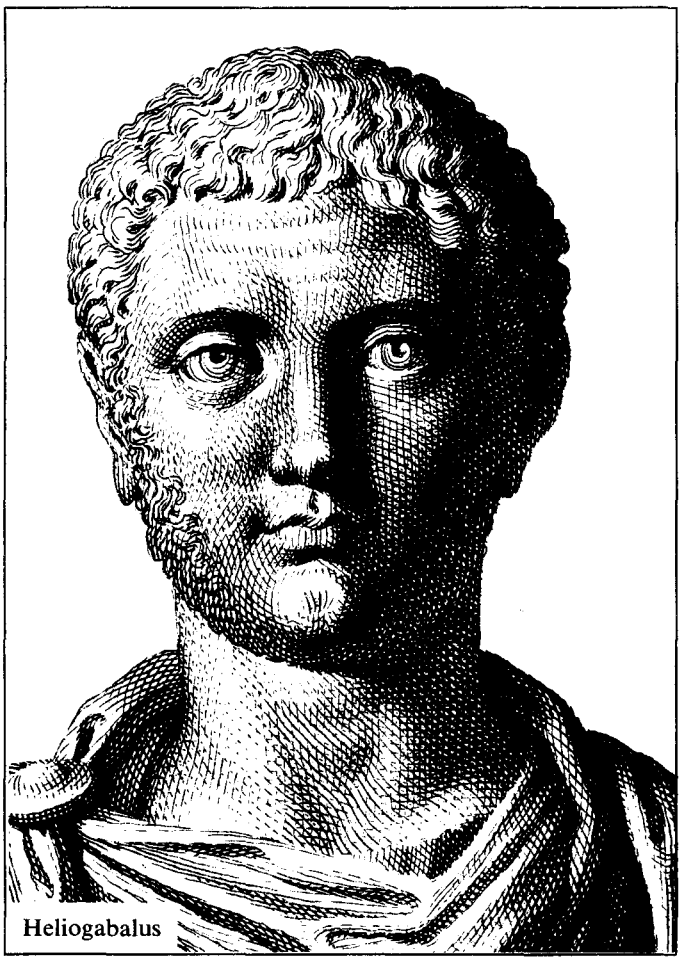

Heliogabalus

Kaiser Wilhelm II

tatistical risk, like the hazard of hurricanes or of the plague. In recent times the risk has come to seem unendurable. . . ."

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icans have lived more than ever before at the mercy of presidential caprice and compulsion. Whether it is disagreeable coincidence or masochistic gratification, we have thereupon in quick succession elected the two most capricious and compulsive Presidents we have ever had.

Is there nothing we can do about this subjection to the psychological vagaries of our rulers? For, despite the resignation of Mr. Nixon, our lives are going to continue to rest in the hands of individuals who command the State. It is true that institutions have purposes of their own and often succeed in dominating those presumed to run them. But let no one suppose that institutions themselves cannot be dominated when the man on top is sufficiently able, or when he is sufficiently determined (that is, compulsive without being manifestly certifiable). The abiding commitment of institutions may well be, as sociologists tell us, to survival. Adolf Hitler could nonetheless force the mighty *Reichswehr* into a course of defeat and disaster.

The American government, of course, is no dictatorship. Still, Clark Clifford has accurately described the executive branch as a chameleon, taking its color and pattern from the personality of the President. Moreover, the very extent of presidential power, the myth and majesty of the office, the easy isolation it brings, the sedulous sycophancy that surrounds it—all intensify the strain on such normality and stability as rulers may initially take into the White House. Because all this is so, then the pattern of the presidential personality, the very character of the presidential unconscious, becomes a matter of public, as well as of private, significance. And, with the emergence of psychiatry as an aggressive cultural force, the question has arisen whether psychiatrists cannot rescue us from the psychopathology of power—whether psychiatric insights and methods cannot bring better knowledge and, conceivably, more reliable control of the presidential psyche.

This inquiry necessarily involves a prior question: whether what Freud liked to call the "science of the unconscious" is really enough of a science to offer solid basis for guidance, selection, and constraint in public affairs. The eminent historian Herbert Feis, invited to consider the claims of the psychoanalytical interpretation of history, defined the problem when he asked "how adequate psychological knowledge is, how stable it is, how precise it is, and how agreed it is." Freud himself in expansive moments could say that the hypothesis of the unconscious "paves the way to a decisive new orientation in the world" and would become "indispensable to all the sciences which are concerned with the evolution of human civilization." But he was not describing the present state of the art; he was predicting its future. In the 35 years since Freud's death, however, psychiatrists—or at least a highly vocal minority among them—have decided that the future is here and are demanding to come into their inheritance. Their art, they insist, has progressed to

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"If we want to restore the presidency to the real world, we must begin by encouraging future Presidents to remember and respect the system of accountability."

the point where it must be summoned to a controlling place in public affairs. Nor is it easy to deny, after the recent American experience, the strong national interest in keeping out of government persons whose psychic agitations may withdraw them from reality and disable them from rational decision.

The psychiatric invasion of public affairs has sought to embrace both mass irrationalities sweeping through large segments of society and neuroses or psychoses afflicting individuals who wield great power. "Psychohistory" and "psychobiography" have carried psychiatric techniques back into the past; proposals for psychiatric control of collective or individual psychopathology project them into the future. As early as 1941 Dr. George H. Stevenson in his presidential address before the American Psychiatric Association indulged himself in the large hope that "when the history of our second century comes to be written, may it be recorded that the American Psychiatric Association was largely responsible for the elimination of the international psychosis, war." After the Second World War, Dr. Brock Chisholm, another eminent Canadian psychiatrist and the head of the World Health Organization, argued that war could be cured if only psychiatrists were empowered to teach mothers how to love their babies properly. The intentions of Drs. Stevenson and Chisholm—and of later psychiatrists who adopted their tone and expectation—were generous and admirable. The claims they made for psychiatry were perhaps immodest.

Little is in the literature or in clinical experience to encourage the idea that psychiatry can provide the means even to explain mass psychopathology, much less to control it. Psychiatric explanations in this field tend to be dangerously reductive, too often omitting from consideration the external sources of social disorientation and disorder. Many psychiatrists, once let loose in the field of history or current affairs, forget the point so clearly made by another American Psychiatric Association president, Dr. Raymond W. Waggoner. He reminded his colleagues of the distinction "between *realistic conflict*, characterized as it is by incompatibility of values and interests and by differing means and ends, and *non-realistic conflict*, which is the product of tension release, projected hostility, historical traditions, and sheer ignorance and error." The eternal psychiatric fallacy is to suppose that politics consists essentially of imagined, rather than real, issues.

But in recent years it has been on the second front—the concern with the psychic troubles of political leaders—that psychiatrists have been especially aggressive. The idea of long-distance psychoanalysis, for example, has come into vogue. There was that singularly foolish intervention of psychiatrists in the 1964 presidential election when 1,846 members of the American Psychiatric Association—11 percent of the whole—delivered solemn diagnoses of the mental state of Sen. Barry Goldwater, a man who had rested on none of their couches and whom most of them had never seen. Perhaps because psychiatrists are immune to libel actions once their subjects are dead, they display even greater confidence in psychoanalyzing historical figures.

The New York Times Op Ed page gave space the other day to the sagacities of Dr. Russel V. Lee of the Stanford Medical School. Dr. Lee began in a jocose vein: "In a democratic regime the very qualities of egocentricity and megalomania, characteristic of many psychoses, are precisely those that lead men to aspire to high office. In fact, there are those who say that the very fact of aspiration to high office is *ipso facto* proof of mental derangement. I would not go so far." At least I trust Dr. Lee was being jocose, though the wit is of the same order as the old gag that men become psychiatrists because they are afraid of their own craziness. After his pleasantries, Dr. Lee got down to business, dismissing Napoleon as a "diminutive, strutting paranoiac," Lloyd George as "probably a manic-depressive," Woodrow Wilson as "not mentally sound," Orlando of Italy as "a nothing," Kaiser Wilhelm II as a "strutting, ridiculous, adult adolescent," and so on through history.

Why, a layman is bound to wonder, is Dr. Lee so hung up on the word *strutting*? There are those who might say—I would not go so far—that the good doctor comes on as a pretty mean strutter, too, airily disposing of historical figures, most of them rather more considerable persons than he is himself, and propounding a simpleminded explanation of problems that historians have argued about for years, such as the origins of the First World War. Dr. Lee's conclusion is dismally predictable: "All public officials should be required to have . . . comprehensive psychological testing" once a year, with the tests presumably to be administered by professors at the Stanford Medical School. That no doubt would have saved the world from Wilson and Lloyd George.

Two recent proposals elaborate this principle of all power to the psychiatrists (or, depending on sectarian inflection, to the psychologists). I recognize that neither of the authors of these particular schemes, both of which have received considerable publicity, is a member of the American Psychiatric Association. Still many members of that association endorse the basic principle of these plans—that the psychological expert should be empowered to sit in judgment over persons elected by the people to positions of power and responsibility.

One proposal comes from a distinguished psychologist and a most valued citizen of New York City, Dr. Kenneth Clark, in his presidential address to the American Psychological Association in 1971. Dr. Clark, whose secular activities I greatly admire, is not much concerned, it must be said, with the "science of the unconscious." He is, I judge, closer in spirit to Skinner than to Freud. But, however much Freudians and Skinnerites, psychoanalysts and behaviorists, may dispute everything else, they unite in affirming the infallibility of the priesthood. Thus Dr. Clark begins by saying that the traditional modes by which power has been controlled—religion, moral philosophy, law, education—can no longer be relied upon to contain man's "primitive and egocentric behavior." The old modes left too wide a margin of error; in the nuclear age a single error could terminate the life of man on earth. We must therefore hasten to develop "that degree of precision, predictability, and moral control essential to the survival of man." So far, I take it, many psychiatrists would agree with Dr. Clark. Most would disagree, I presume, with his remedy; for Dr. Clark's faith is

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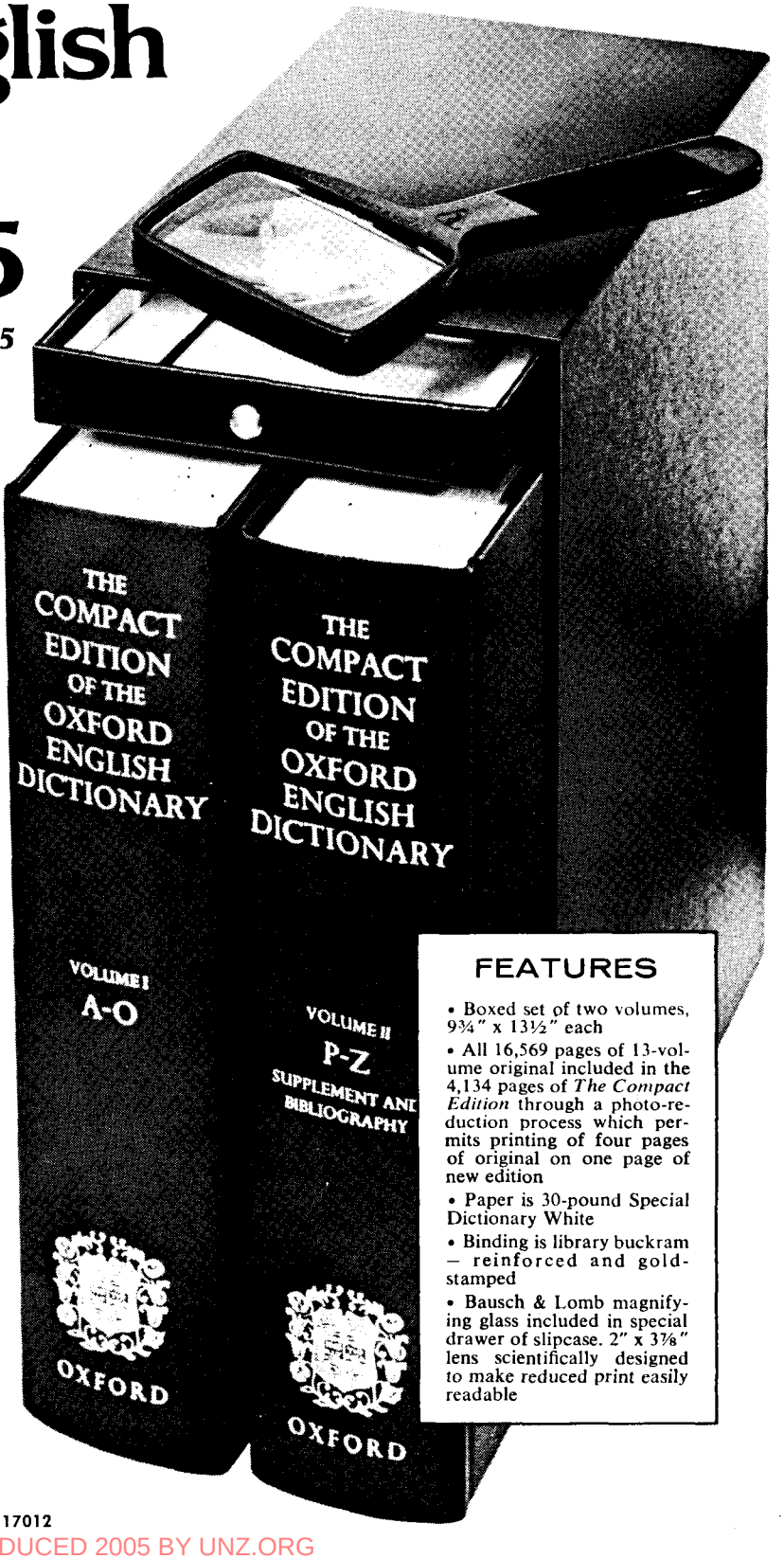

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that we may well be "on the threshold of that type of scientific biochemical intervention which could stabilize and make dominant the moral and ethical propensities of man and subordinate, if not eliminate, his negative and primitive behavioral tendencies." He would therefore impose as a requirement upon all political leaders that "they accept and use the earliest perfected form of psychotechnological, biochemical intervention which would assure their positive use of power and reduce or block the possibility of their using power destructively." And so "psychotechnological medication" would usher humankind into a new era—though whether that era is more accurately forecast in *Walden Two* or in *A Clockwork Orange* one cannot at this point be sure.

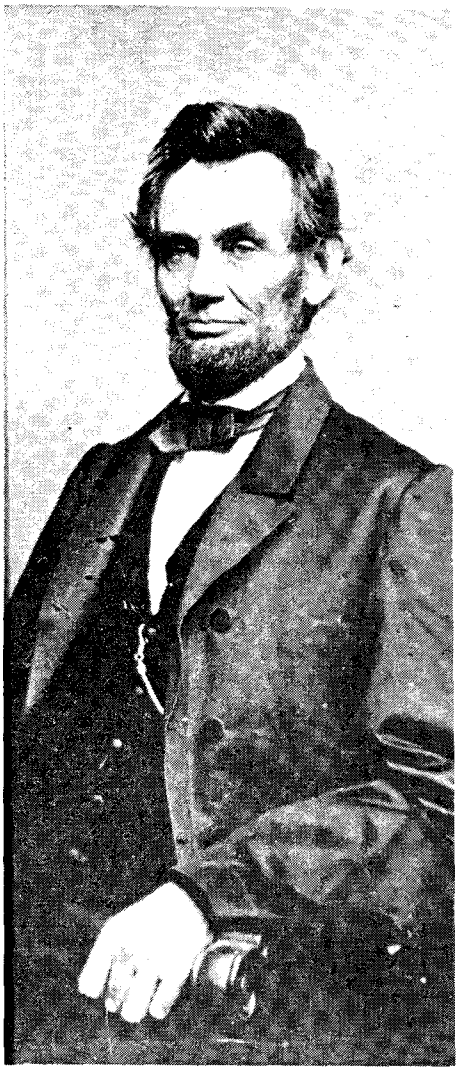
Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker, I understand, is an internist by training. But in recent years he has infiltrated psychiatry, where he is now campaigning for what he calls "psychopolitics." Dr. Hutschnecker adorns his campaign with the usual psychohistorical nonsense. "What torture and misery could have been spared . . . the world," he writes, if Woodrow Wilson "could have had competent psychiatric help before slipping into the darkness of his depression." Or if Abraham Lincoln "could have been helped to understand the nature of the anguish produced by his inner conflicts . . . perhaps there would not have been any need for the bloody killings of the Civil War." Poor old Lincoln! Psychiatrists find such evident pleasure in citing his interlude of excessive melancholy in order to pronounce him a hopeless neurotic. One cannot doubt that Lincoln had his moments of melancholy. "A tendency to melancholy," he wrote as a young man, ". . . let it be observed, is a misfortune, not a fault." But I also note that Freud himself said, "I have to be somewhat miserable in order to write well."

THE HISTORIAN can only find breathtaking the certitude with which Drs. Lee and Hutschnecker announce their historical verdicts. They seem to find no real problems in public affairs, only projected problems. But—no kidding, fellows—the Civil War was not fought because of Lincoln's neuroses. It was fought because of the determination of the southern states to perpetuate an indefensible institution called slavery. No amount of psychiatric exorcism could have done away with the intractable problems existing quite outside Lincoln's psyche in 1861, any more than the successful analysis of Wilson could have done away, say, with Imperial Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare.

But Dr. Hutschnecker will have none of this. The problem of deranged rulers can be solved, he assures us, if two steps are taken. One is to empower a panel of psychiatrists, chosen by the profession, to administer the Hartman Value Profile to all contenders for the presidency and award those who pass the test "mental health certificates . . . similar to the Wasserman test demanded by states before marriage." The second is to establish a resident psychiatrist in the White House to watch over the mental health of the President and his staff. But do not psychiatrists understand that their negative judgment of Lincoln, for example, is hardly an argument for assigning them the authority to screen future Presidents? What a triumph it would no doubt have been for the Republic if Dr. Hutschnecker and his panel had been able to flunk Lincoln on the Hartman Value Profile and keep him out of the White House! Indeed, if this is what psychiatry has to tell us about Lincoln, one can say only, as Lincoln said of Grant's addiction to whiskey, that some of our more recent Presidents should have had Lincoln's addiction to melancholy.

The most arresting aspect of such proposals is the light they throw on the psychiatrists who make them. As James Wechsler, whose moving book *In a Darkness* should be required reading for every psychiatrist, wisely commented, "What is perhaps most vulnerable about [Dr. Hutschnecker's] essay is the intimation that he or his counterparts might have so decisive a bearing on history." It may be, Dr. Lee, that egocentricity and megalomania are not the monopoly of politicians.

One wonders what Freud himself would have made of all this. Despite moments of programmatic euphoria, Freud was a careful man. He did not live long enough to see the rise of "psychohistory"; but, although he would not quite say that the attempt "to carry psychoanalysis over into the cultural community was absurd or doomed to be fruitless," he enjoined caution and implied skepticism. Those who tried to psychoanalyze social groups, he said, must never forget that they are "only dealing with analogies and that it is dangerous, not only with men but also with concepts, to tear them from the sphere in which they have originated and been evolved."



Lincoln and Lloyd George—Stud

EVEN IN THE ANALYSIS of individuals Freud knew that his method had limits. One doubts whether he would have been much impressed by the call for psychiatric examinations of public officials. He understood, as the American Psychiatric Association's president-elect, Dr. Judd Marmor, has put it, that while physical examinations require only the patient's passive presence, "an adequate psychiatric examination requires his wholehearted cooperation. . . . We know only too well from clinical experience that if a patient is determined to conceal or dissemble, an adequate psychiatric diagnosis can often be rendered impossible." Freud understood, too, that even with wholehearted cooperation, problems might exist beyond the reach of the method. The creative process perplexed him particularly. "The nature of artistic attainment," he said at one point, is ". . . psychoanalytically inaccessible to us." He summed it up in his essay on Dostoevski: "Before the problem of the

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"psychohistorical nonsense."

creative artist, analysis must lay down its arms."

This was a significant admission. For of all historic figures, artists live most freely out of their unconscious. Their creations are filled with clues for the analyst. Paintings and poems reveal more than state papers do. Freud's own essays on artists are brilliantly suggestive. But men of power are harder nuts to crack. Freud himself proved this. His greatest disaster was his inquiry into politics when, with his former patient, William C. Bullitt, he wrote a biography of Wilson.

Still Freud was one of the incomparables. He was possessed by an epic poetic-scientific vision. That vision, to some degree, has decomposed since his death. Russel Lee, Arnold Hutschnecker, and Kenneth Clark all would like to screen our rulers, approving some, rejecting others. But they cannot agree among themselves on the criteria of diagnosis and prescription. Few professional communities are so riddled with dissension. Entire conventions of psychiatrists are given over to discussing the questions raised by Herbert Feis—the questions of the adequacy, stability, precision, and consensus of psychological knowledge. Most participants come out by the same door wherein they went. Dr. Karl Menninger, one of the patriarchs, confessed a few years ago, "I give you the assurance that I don't understand a good deal of what my colleagues are talking about." Yet these are the people who, while they argue so fiercely among themselves, exhort a distraught and consequently credulous public to give them veto power over the democratic process.

What has a historian, whose ambition is merely to record the actions of human beings, to say to those whose ambition is to search their souls? Only perhaps that the searching of souls is a tricky undertaking—and it may well be as tricky for the searchers as for the searched. Those whose calling requires them to believe that they have the key to the psyche of others must, one would think, be all the more resolute in their own discipline, in their own skepticism of self, in their own sense of limitation and humility. The life of affairs is not just the projection of internal maladjustments. Public issues are not just figments in the imagination of politicians. Problems exist. They are real. One must add that politics is fully as sophisticated a field as psychiatry. It requires quite as much specialized knowledge and trained instinct, even if politicians, unlike psychiatrists, do not choose to dress up their black arts in a technical vocabulary.

NO ONE CAN DENY the necessity for finding methods by which people may be protected from the psychic agitations and obsessions of their rulers. But one doubts whether the program of all power to the psychiatrists is really the most reliable means by which to restore the American presidency to reality. "Sometimes," Jefferson said in his first inaugural address, "it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the forms of kings to govern him?" Replacing *kings* by *psychiatrists* does not greatly improve the sentence. And the proposal of psychiatric screening, so lightly demanded by the psychopoliticians, has extraordinary implications for the whole idea of democracy and self-government. It would be quite as destructive as absolute monarchy itself of the rights affirmed in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—the rights of men and women to govern themselves by freely choosing their rulers.

We have other ways besides psychiatric testing and supervision by which to restore the presidency to reality—ways that are compatible with democracy and that, indeed, have worked well enough for most of American history. What has constrained and contained the presidential psyche during the life of the Republic has been essentially the political and institutional setting in which the President has operated. The Founding Fathers had two purposes. One was to create a strong and effective national government. A second was to keep that government within a strong and effective system of accountability. Accountability means, of course, scrutiny, challenge, criticism. It means these things not just once every four years but as a continuous part of the process of democracy, expressed not just through quadrennial elections but in the daily workings of government. Few Presidents have greatly relished scrutiny, challenge, and criticism. In this respect they have been like historians and even perhaps like psychiatrists. But up to very recent times, nearly all have accepted the discipline of consent.

Still the system of accountability had one grave weakness: the realm of foreign affairs. In responding to presidential initiatives in foreign policy, Congress, the courts, and the people felt much less sure of their ground, had much less confidence in their information and judgment, and were therefore much less inclined to challenge and check and balance, as they did so freely in domestic affairs. The more active a role the United States took in the world, the less responsibility Congress wished to assume (especially after its disastrous record when it tried to run foreign affairs between the two world wars) and the more power flowed to Presidents, who characteristically accepted it as their due. As foreign policy tempted Presidents to break out of the system of accountability, the presidency naturally began to attract personalities on whom accountability exacted an intolerable psychic toll. Our last two Presidents have given the impression that they see the process of scrutiny, challenge, and criticism not only as unfair—all Presidents tend to do that—but also as illegitimate. The transfer of power to the presidency, proceeding initially from the exigencies, real or imagined, of world affairs, thus began to build a high wall around the office. The

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Stalin and Hitler—"Madness at the pinnacle is no longer minor when rulers have the power to blow up the planet."

presidential unconscious, so long contained by the historic modes of accountability, became more free to assert itself than ever before.

ONE DOUBTS whether the way to reestablish the reality principle in the White House is to give the President a psychiatrist-in-residence as company behind the high wall. The thing to do rather is to level the wall. The better way to force Presidents to confront reality is to rehabilitate and enforce the system of accountability. We can begin by abandoning the recent notion that election to the presidency transforms a second-rate politician into a minor, or major, divinity. The theory of the transubstantiation of the presidency is manifestly incompatible with democracy. The presidency must be secularized. The singular idea embodied in Mr. Nixon's idiot phrase about "respect for the presidency"—a phrase that no previous President, so far as I can discover, found it necessary to use—must be sent back to the monarchical societies from which it comes. ("History does not look kindly on regicide," said Hugh Scott, the Republican leader in the Senate, in warning his colleagues against impeachment. At what point, one wonders, did the President of the United States become a king?) All Presidents are entitled to full courtesy, as is every other citizen in the land. But no President is entitled to any more respect than his words and actions earn him.

Mr. Nixon was hardly the first President whose case history excited the professional curiosity of psychiatrists. But earlier Presidents were limited in the extent to which they could work out their personal problems at the expense of the country—limited by the strength of a system of accountability that they could not ignore. They remained more or less tethered to the reality principle, not because they benefited from the ministrations of psychiatrists, but because they could not escape the obligations of explanation and persuasion, because they could not vault over the discipline of consent. They had no choice but to take the views of others into account—the views of Congress, of the courts, of their colleagues in the executive branch, of their political party, of newspapers, of national opinion. All this kept them in touch with the real world. It was only the decay of the system of accountability under the pressure of international crisis that made possible the rise of the solipsistic presidency. And if we want to restore the presidency to the real world, we must begin by encouraging future Presidents to remember and respect the system of accountability. The way to do this was thoughtfully provided by the Founding Fathers.

For the men who gathered in Philadelphia 187 years ago were not fools or innocents. They had a tough and penetrating understanding of human psychology. They understood power—that it was essential and that it was liable to abuse. As James Madison said in the Constitutional Convention, it was "indispensable that some provision should be made for defending the community against the incapacity, negligence, or perfidy of the chief magistrate." That is why the Founding Fathers put the impeachment provision into the Constitution. The impeachment and removal of Presidents who grossly abuse their power will have far more impact in restoring the presidency to the reality principle than sending a score of couches and the entire staff of the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic to the White House.

IN SAYING THESE THINGS, the last thing I intend is to question the value of psychiatry as a mode of therapy or to discourage psychiatrists from active concern with public affairs. The point is rather that everyone, including politicians and historians, must recognize the limits of his medium. Psychiatry may contribute to the relief of mental problems. It is less likely to contribute to the relief of social, economic, and diplomatic problems—and these are the problems with which political leaders must deal. One may paraphrase Freud about Dostoevski: before the problems of statesmanship, analysis may well have to lay down its arms. The reach of psychopolitics far exceeds its grasp, and the notion that a democracy should empower a self-appointed group to screen its leaders would seem in its implied arrogance to betray not only the spirit of democracy but also the spirit of the psychoanalytic adventure itself.

Every psychiatrist should hang in his office, next to his medical diploma and honorary degrees, the noble words spoken by Thomas Mann on the seventieth birthday of Sigmund Freud:

> The analytic revelation is a revolutionary force. With it a blithe skepticism has come into the world, a mistrust which unmasks all the schemes and subterfuges of our own souls. . . . [It] inculcates the taste for understatement, as the English call it—for the deflated rather than for the inflated word, for the cult which exerts its influence by moderation, by modesty.
>
> Modesty—what a beautiful word! . . . May we hope that this may be the fundamental temper of that more blithely objective and peaceful world which the science of the unconscious may be called to usher in? □

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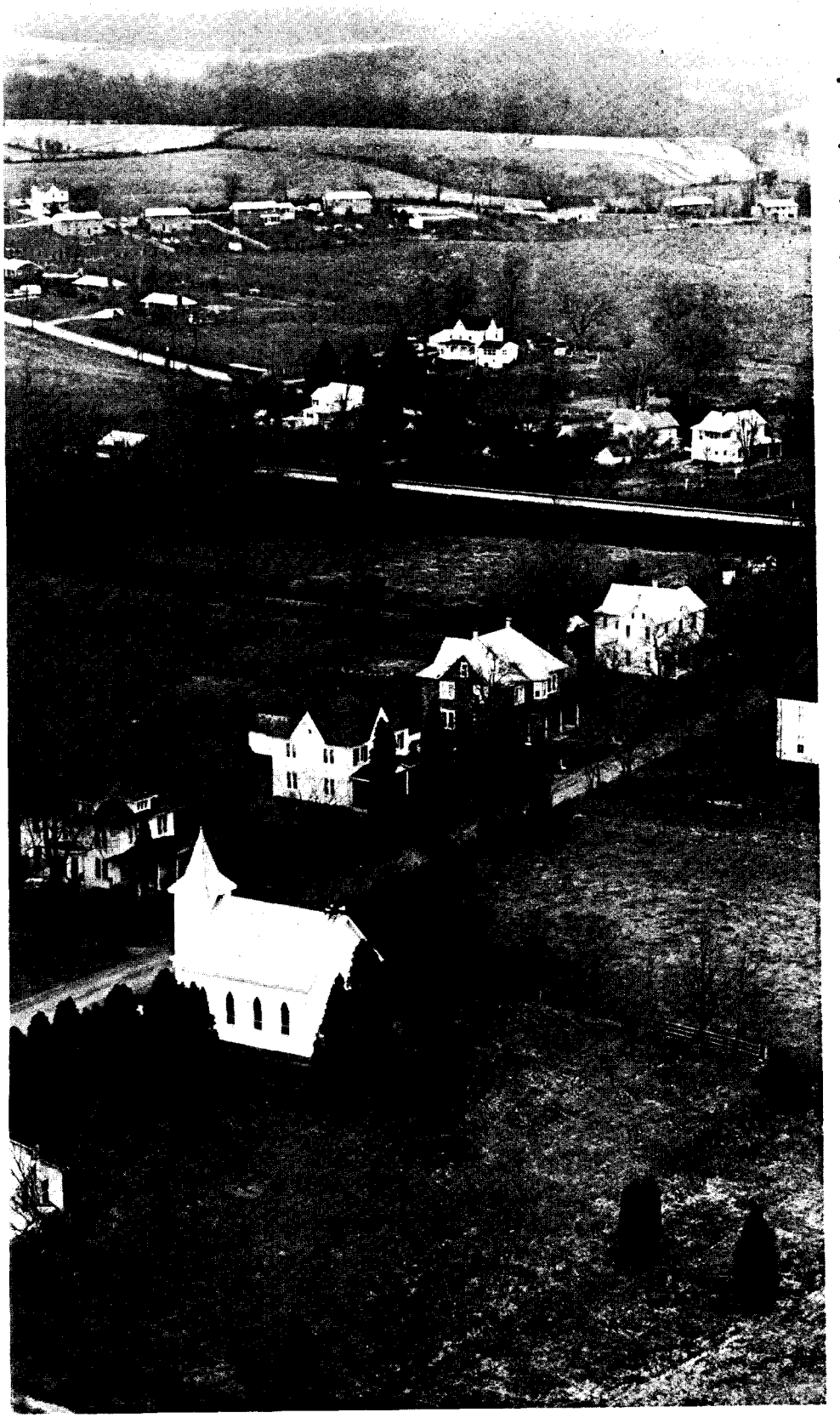
Land of Many Faces



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BOOKS

Russian Peasant, World Statesman

Khrushchev Remembers: The Last Testament
translated and edited by Strobe Talbott, with introductions by Edward Crankshaw and Jerrold Schecter
Little, Brown, 602 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by
Priscilla Johnson McMillan

Khrushchev's gift to history is, and always was, himself, and that is his gift in this second volume of his memoirs. It was his prodigal personality, his ability to confess a mistake and reverse himself, his explosive unpredictability, that did more than anything else to spring the genie of spontaneity out of the bottle of repression in which Stalin had contained the Russian spirit for 30 years.

How like Khrushchev that he should have eased the loneliness of his old age, what he calls the "unbearable moral anguish" of his forced retirement, by giving us this tour de force of self-revelation. It was like him to have agreed to tape the memories on which this volume is based under conditions that were greatly to his disadvantage: in secret; prohibited from access to his own notes and archives, even newspaper clippings; and as a semi-prisoner in his country house at Petrovo-Dalneye, not far from Moscow, with guards outside the house.

This volume covers Khrushchev's time in power from the "Polish October" of 1956 until his downfall eight years later. About one-fourth of the book is devoted to domestic affairs and the rest to foreign policy—his travels to the United States, France, and Indonesia; his relations with the Communist nations of Eastern Europe; and his dealings with Mao Tse-tung.

Khrushchev's virtues and vices—he was prodigal in both—are all here, and they are very Russian indeed. Leafing through the pages, one feels that one has met Khrushchev many times before, say, in the pages of Gogol, and one can almost guess exactly where he came from: central Russia, just east of the Ukraine. He was, and reveals himself to be, the quintessential peasant. He was cunning and sly. He was given to the charming, fantastical Russian kind of lying called *vranyo*, and he is guilty of that here, too. He was given to extremes, like the *muzhik* who works hard and then spends days on a drinking spree. He shows himself, too, to be unbelievably insular, like the villager who mistrusts everything outside his native village.

But this is not the kind of memoir one expects to get from a retired statesman: it has more of Khrushchev in it, it is more open, and it shows his capacity, almost unique among statesmen, to criticize and observe himself. It is thus more a book for the student of personality than for the historian, and it reveals, as most personality studies do, that Khrushchev's vices were the other side of his virtues.

Khrushchev's greatest qualities, those that distinguished him from all other Soviet leaders, were his energy, his enthusiasm, his confidence in himself and in others. These qualities help to account for his rise in the Party but do not explain it altogether. They helped him enormously when he was Party boss in Moscow and in the Ukraine and had hard, slogging work to do, people to move, things to accomplish. But Khrushchev could not show his ebullience all the time, above all not at the court of Stalin, where fear and suspicion hemmed everyone in. There, other qualities were called for. Khrushchev had to be cautious, had to conceal what he was thinking. Thus it was the tension between his extraordinary natural exuberance and the need to channel, contain, and even hide it, that accounts for his rise in the Party. By the time Stalin died, Khrushchev was a master tactician.

Once he was at the top, however, things were different. His old ebullience still was there and still was needed, not only in Moscow and in the Ukraine, but also throughout Russia. Yet the restraints that had contained his energies before and had helped him to rise were no longer there, or, at least, not to the same degree. And Khrushchev needed to have restraints. Without them, his enthusiasm sometimes ran away with him. At moments he became manic and unbridled, came to unrealistic estimates of what he could get away with, and, especially after 1960, took risks that were not worth the cost. His greatest political mistakes, those that brought him down in the end, grew out of this quality of overreaching.

The most famous of his mistakes, and one of the costliest, was his decision to place missiles in Cuba in 1962, an episode he defends in this book and treats as a victory. The truth is that Khrushchev was frustrated by difficulties, notably

Photographs: From the book.
Khrushchev with his grandchildren—"What he loved . . . was life itself."

Priscilla Johnson McMillan is an associate at the Russian Research Center, Harvard University, and author of Khrushchev and the Arts: The Politics of Soviet Culture 1962–1964 *(M.I.T. Press).*

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with China and Germany, that had no short-run solutions and made him vulnerable to Party opponents at home. He decided, therefore, to reform the Party, split it in two, get rid of his Stalinist opponents, and secure his position indefinitely. To accomplish this, he needed a dazzling ploy—a success that would distract everyone and make him momentarily immune.

The place he decided on was Cuba. That was the soft spot, the place where the breakthrough might come. For reasons that were political rather than strategic, he persuaded Castro—he says in this book that Castro "argued and argued" against it—to accept the missiles, meanwhile assuring President Kennedy that he was up to nothing of the kind.

Recent studies show that six weeks before the missile crisis he had received warning that there was a good chance Kennedy would find out. Khrushchev had time to withdraw, but the temptation to go through with it was much too great for him to resist.

The gamble, of course, failed. Kennedy did find out, the missiles had to be withdrawn, and, largely as a result of this setback, Khrushchev's plan to reform the Party miscarried three weeks later. Having failed to fortify himself with the Party changes, Khrushchev was eventually deposed.

Khrushchev's effort to set up missiles in Cuba was an attempt to short-circuit all of his problems and, most importantly, to de-Stalinize the Soviet Communist party. This attempt was vital to Khrushchev's staying in power. It would, moreover, have led to a freer, more democratic Russia. Unfortunately, however, when he made another attempt at de-Stalinization, at the Twenty-second Party Congress, in 1961, Khrushchev overreached himself again. He does not discuss this episode in the book. What happened was that Khrushchev egged on speaker after speaker to denounce Stalin in terms that went beyond anything that had been said publicly in the U.S.S.R. before. He waged the campaign so vigorously that it aroused his colleagues' suspicions. Too early, they woke up to the fact that it was not Stalin he was after but *them* and that he meant to put some of them on trial. The members of the Party Presidium got together and stopped him cold, bringing him down finally in 1964.

It is because he disagreed with their verdict and considered their policies disastrous that Khrushchev taped these reminiscences and allowed them to be

Khrushchev denouncing the U.S. for U-2 flights—"Explosive unpredictability."

spirited out of the country, almost as if he were a member of a dissident movement. He and the family and close friends who helped him tried to stay well within Soviet laws on state secrets and Politburo regulations forbidding discussion of the leaders' positions on questions that come before it. As a result, the book says nothing about the maneuvers leading up to Khrushchev's fall.

Khrushchev had a good deal of anger. This, combined with his manic quality and his tendency to be carried away by his own high spirits, made it hard for him to control his temper. He frequently terrified foreign diplomats, journalists, even his own colleagues, with his tantrums. They could never be sure when he was going to lose control of his temper or at what point his anger stopped and his cunning calculation began. Most of the time, however, Khrushchev had control of his temper, even used it as an instrument of policy. Furthermore, Khrushchev displayed peculiarly Russian qualities—most notably, xenophobia. It clouded all his relations with foreigners. He was utterly inexperienced in foreign policy when he came to power, for Stalin had watched over that sphere "jealously, as his own province," and treated the other leaders as "errand boys." On top of the ordinary peasant suspiciousness he started out with, Khrushchev acquired the extra suspiciousness that Stalin instilled in everyone around him. Afterward, when he himself was in power, it very often got in Khrushchev's way.

His suspiciousness hurt him the most in dealing with Communist China. His relations with Mao Tse-tung were a tragedy of errors: the two faced each other across their long common border paralyzed by culture shock, projecting centuries of fear and xenophobia onto one another, locked in misunderstanding.

Khrushchev had to have a whipping boy. He needed a villain onto whom he could project his powerful emotions. It is no wonder that the villain of Khrushchev's first volume was Stalin and that the villain of this one is Mao Tse-tung: he hated them for identical reasons. He calls Mao a "lunatic on a throne." Again, "I was struck by how much he sounded like Stalin. He had nothing good to say about anyone." He attributes only the worst motives to Mao, accuses him of "unheard-of perversities," says Mao is like Stalin and Ivan the Terrible rolled into one.

Coming at the moment of Russian history when he did, Khrushchev's great contribution was his confidence in the Russian people and his effort to give them confidence in themselves. His whole time in power was an appeal to their maturity:

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he was willing to accept their fallibility just as he accepted his own, but he wanted them to act, take risks, accept responsibility. He cared more about incentives to unlock their creative energies than about controls to keep them in line. He viewed the Russian people as an incomparable, irreplaceable treasure: "In every branch of our economy there are people who stand out and shine like precious gems, and they must be given the proper organizational support. If they don't get that support, their brilliance will be extinguished." His democratic instincts were undeniable. They would have made an enormous difference to the Russians—and the rest of us—had he been able to stay in power a few years longer.

Since Khrushchev is now dead and beyond danger, it is possible to say more about the authenticity of these reminiscences than it was when the first book appeared four years ago. The two volumes are based on 180 hours of tape-recorded conversations made at Khrushchev's dacha between 1967 and his death in 1971. They became the property of Time, Inc., which donated them to the Oral History Project of Columbia University. I attended a conference at which I heard portions of the tapes and inspected the transcripts made from them. To anyone who often heard Khrushchev in person, as I did, there is no doubt that this is he talking. The translator and editor, Strobe Talbott, has done a superb job of weaving together random reminiscences and organizing them into coherent chapters. He has made Khrushchev sound in English very much as he did in Russian—without quite the barnyard crudeness.

To understand what Khrushchev meant to Russia, it is necessary to understand that what he loved, even more than the Russian people, was life itself. The book abounds in examples. Khrushchev says he likes agriculture because it meant "dealing with living organisms rather than just machines." He shows us himself as a boy in his native Donbass, racing on his bicycle into the countryside outside his village to watch the Bulgarian farmers working there: "The bright glow of an eggplant field always makes me feel poetic." During the spring of 1960, while on a state visit to France, Khrushchev spent a delightful evening drinking vodka with the police prefect of Marseilles: "Can I help it if even under a police uniform sometimes beats a human heart?"

Maybe instead of mourning about his downfall, brooding on what a few more years of Khrushchev would have meant in terms of freeing the talents of the Russian people, we ought to think instead about the miracle. It is, indeed, a miracle that such a man, a man so *affirming* of himself and other people, should have made his way into the leadership of any nation of our times, to say nothing of Soviet Russia immediately after the death of Stalin. □

New Books

The Critical Point

by Irving Howe
Horizon Press, 232 pp., $7.95

The heart of Mr. Howe's power as an essayist has always been a rigorously judgmental eye, with a tongue to match, and this latest work of his is no exception. The essays on George Steiner and Sylvia Plath are emblematic of their author's remarkable capacity to turn his exasperation to a steely and almost unnaturally pleasing wit. But moral toughness need not always be splenetic to make its effect, this collection of essays, with its wide range of moods, tells us: it need only always be present, as it is here; for that toughness informs all of Mr. Howe's commentary, whatever its subject, however coolly or hotly he is disposed. Some of the essays here have been reprinted from periodicals, the best of them, "The City in Literature," being a memorable performance that traces the roots of city hatred in literature—the assault upon the city, as Mr. Howe calls it. It is to be found in Dickens, Gogol, and Melville, in Eliot and, not least, in Joyce—a yearning for a never-to-be-realized innocence that has its consequences to the spirit. So various in tone, temper, and theme are these essays that there is hardly anything here that one would rather skip, or that leaves one with the feeling, so commonly inspired by collections of essays, that one had better come back and read a piece another time, not now. The fact is that the forthright temper, the complexity of view, and the urbanity of Mr. Howe's prose operate on the imagination in the way that literature does by means of story line and character development. One wants urgently to know what is coming next and how it will be done, an achievement rare enough these days in either criticism or literature.

Good Samaritan & Other Stories

by John O'Hara
Random House, 296 pp., $7.95

Only two of the O'Hara short stories published in this volume have seen print before. One of them is the title story, "Good Samaritan," an archetypal O'Hara rendering of embittered human relationships and one of the good works in this uneven collection. John O'Hara was such a natural storyteller that even the slightest of his sketches might, from the first lines, draw a reader in and keep him there, though all the time he might be going on an enigmatic, abruptly ended trip. Such a story is the one called "The Gentry," an unreasonably interesting family sketch that ends on an aimless note of resolution: nothing much has happened in it, and yet a portion of a world, a family consciousness, has been made known to one in a few pages.

O'Hara had in abundance a capacity to render humans in conversations that brought them and all their concerns to life at once, and what he lacked was the capacity to sustain that life in depth. He was, as this book of short stories shows very well, a man with a fine ear for the soap-opera element in life, a writer who could render that element—in the lives of the upper middle classes and the lower—all the seriousness due it, and do so in a remarkably entertaining fashion.

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Ross and Tom

by John Leggett
Simon & Schuster, 447 pp., $10

Mr. Leggett's study of the lives and the work of two American writers—Ross Lockridge and Thomas Heggen—who committed suicide at the height of their careers is both a fascination and a disappointment. It is the first because he has concentrated on biographical detail with sometimes irritating thoroughness, but always with an eye for the small, telling facts that, added together, might amount to some part of an answer to the question which haunts this enterprise. Why does a man take his life, and why, especially, does he do so at a still young age, at the summit of his first large achievement? The questions are various with regard to the two men. But for all the larger assumptions about success, which are hinted at in the very nature of such a book, it remains a work about two individuals whose patterns of psy-

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chic destructiveness ended in suicide. It is a compelling story on those terms, but on the implied larger content of the work—the destructive literary-success pattern that, it is suggested here, is a peculiarly American one—it sheds no light whatever. In the end, one is left with a strong sense that in any society, in any world of endeavor, Ross and Tom might have lived as they lived, and done what they did to end their lives. Mr. Leggett's work lacks that strong feeling of probability, which successfully connects the deed with the theme. The real theme here, as Mr. Leggett may have himself realized, is not success, but a peculiar individual tragedy, whose significance is not greater than the two men whom it befell.

There is a hollowness at the core of its explanations, the sort which might come to a writer who knows that his larger social theme has come to little; that in the end, he knows no more than the clinicians; that he has used only the tools of the clinician to unearth the roots of a psychic ailment. Perhaps there was no more to know. This is not to say that hollowness characterizes the work as a whole. Mr. Leggett is on sure ground when he details the character and personality of those two so different men, Ross Lockridge and Thomas Heggen, both of whom are so adroitly drawn as to produce considerable feeling about them, one way or another.

•

Henry and Other Heroes

by Ezra Bowen
Little, Brown, 246 pp., $6.95

Mr. Bowen's memoir is burdened by a weight of whimsy, which is all the more regrettable because there is much that is artful and moving at the heart of this work. It requires digging to cut through Mr. Bowen's mannered simplism to the humor and charm that is evident beneath, notably when Mr. Bowen is not being so unbearably boyish. There is a section on his stepfather, Dr. Downs, that is admirably sustained and moving, as well as one, toward the end, on the malice of a certain avuncular type, that is done with good icy dispatch. But Mr. Bowen, son of the biographer Catherine Drinker Bowen, is, at least here, a peculiar mixture as a writer, and that mixture does not sit easily on the work. It is manly and whining, mordantly witty and facetious, straightforward and arch, a book to be taken note of by writers who have ever doubted the fullness with which the execution of a work reveals the self.

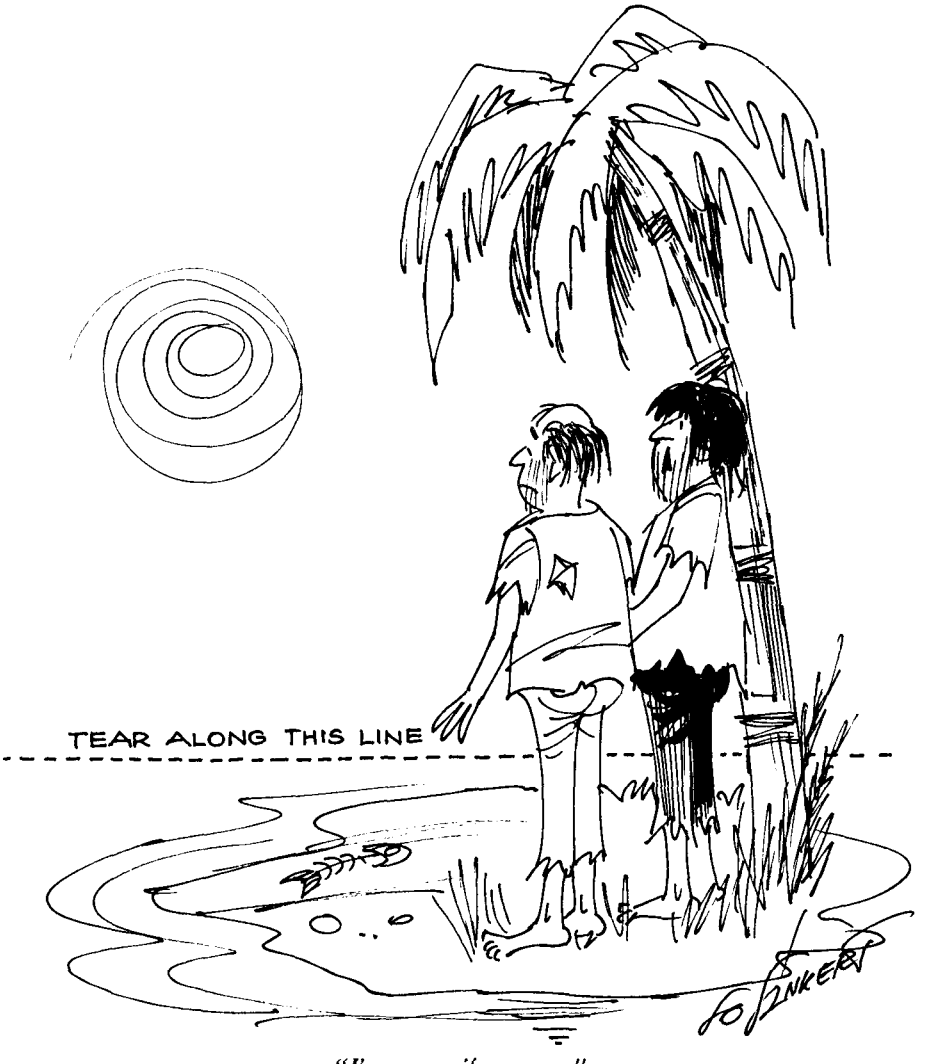
•

Mussolini: An Intimate Biography by His Widow

by Rachele Mussolini as told to Albert Zarca
William Morrow, 291 pp., $8.95

This spritely narrative of twentieth-century Italian history might have been better served with a strict editorial hand. Mussolini's widow has apparently recalled all that she ever said to her husband, and he to her, in the course of their long marriage, and a good part of it is printed here. Not all of it, it is unnecessary to add, is enlightening. Rachele Mussolini is 83, and a more devoted defender of her husband's reign is probably not alive now. It is a work therefore that is undoubtedly of small value to historians; but it is precisely the contentious spirit of its defense that makes one read on. Rachele Mussolini is evidently an agile politician still, a nimble sophist and, moreover, a woman still in full command of a poisonous tongue. Though the book is packed with homely and interesting little details about *il Duce*'s private life and habits, it is also, in its fashion, about the fate of Italy in the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties. Mussolini's mistresses are but a small part of Mrs. Mussolini's reminiscences, which is only fitting, inasmuch as they were, according to her, a small part of her life's concerns. Only one of them gave her real cause for worry; another of them was found by the Italian partisans and hung by her heels alongside Mussolini, as most of the world had reason to know, in 1945, and it is a memory that inspires *il Duce*'s widow to a grand if glacial moment of philosophy. It is a self-serving and muddle-headed book but, thanks to its view of the domestic side of dictatorship, not a dull one.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



"I'm game if you are."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Scottish Poet

Robin Fulton is a 40-year-old Scottish poet—one of their half-dozen best—whose third book, *Tree-Lines*, has just been published by the small New Rivers Press at $5.00 cloth and $2.50 paper. The poet, well known as a translator from the Scandinavian, lives in Norway. Here is "The Names," from a sequence on Loch Assynt, "an area of N.W. Scotland of spectacular geological interest":

The hills wear their Gaelic names like old-fashioned hats. Is Meall
Dubh no more than a Black Lump? What will happen to a
language when it survives only in the names of hills, like the
ancient pines in ones and twos, the remains of enveloping forests?

A white boat slides between Isle Martin and Aird Point: the casual
English voices echo across the water almost as loud as the calling
of migrating geese. By the roadside a telephone-pole whitened
by many winters has been singing all day.
In an inlet on the north shore of Loch Assynt we saw a half-sunk
rowing boat. Its lines were still visible and it looked as if it
might be still good enough to retrieve—though perhaps it had
already settled too far into the life of moss and reeds.

Small-press books are hard to find in bookstores, so order this good one from New Rivers Press, P.O. Box 578, Cathedral Sta., New York, N.Y. 10025.

The Words of The Master

We'll start with a scrap of much-needed Verse Aid:

Who could get every joke of
Vladimir Nabokov?

Breaths have been bated awaiting his new one—whatever will Nabokov do next?—and here it is: *Look at the Harlequins!* (McGraw-Hill, September, $7.95). It turns out to be a sort of disguised autobiography of a Russian writer who escapes to the Continent, thence to America to teach. There's a faintly familiar ring about everything: one of his novels is largely in verse; another, *Red Top Hat*, is the story of a beheading; *Ardis* is a long tour de force. There are words to send you to your dictionary: *scumble, oneiric, sharovar*, and, five times, *fatidic*. There are elaborate puns, cracks at critics disguised as, for example, Boris Nyet. American phrases are thrown in: "...for the heck of it." In other words, it's a tumbling, juggling, high-wire act by the Master—not a "big book," as was *Ada*, but a fascinating, self-indulgent romp.

Inhumanity

Man's inhumanity to the black man is the theme of *The Sixteenth Round* (Viking, October, $8.95), the autobiography of Rubin "Hurricane" Carter, who was top contender for the world middleweight boxing title until he was—according to his convincing account—railroaded into a New Jersey prison in 1967 for the trumped-up murder of three white people in a Paterson bar. Not that he didn't pretty much start life in prison, and has been in and out for about half his days. But he made the mistake, when he was out and riding high, of criticizing all policemen and, whammo!—don't do that if you're black and famous (and hot-tempered). There's lots of good stuff about boxing, and depressing, informative stuff about prisons. Some fine black phrasing, too: "...if that's not something to be proud about, hominy grits ain't groceries, eggs ain't poultry, and Mona Lisa was a man!" And: "Now ain't that a *mizzafizza*?" Here's something more somber:

My formal education was equivalent to two years of college, but I had also obtained an informal bachelor's degree in the streets of oppression; a master's degree in man's inhumanity to man; and a Ph.D. in prison brutality. But the only thing my education had ever done for me, it seemed, was to inhibit my natural powers to survive, and leave me to fall prey to my most cunning enemies.

My Dear Watson

Now hail a nervy, clever idea: *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution: Being a Reprint From the Reminiscences of John H. Watson, M.D.*, edited by Nicholas Meyer (Dutton, August 26, $6.95). Inventive Mr. Meyer posits that his uncle discovered, in the attic of an old house, a manuscript dictated from a nursing home by 87-year-old Dr. Watson, delineating how he arranged a cure for Sherlock Holmes's cocaine addiction. And who effected the cure? Why, Sigmund Freud, of course, who turns out to be no mean deducer himself, as well as a fine tennis player. We do a lot of derring in the 1890s in Vienna and gasp at an incredible train chase that cries out for the silver screen:

It was a sight I shall not soon forget—the world's greatest detective and the founding father of that branch of medicine known today as psychoanalysis, side by side in their shirt-sleeves, piling coal into that boiler as though it was work for which they had been born.

The Spock of Sex

The only self-help book ever worth a dang was Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*, which was also one of the few *huge* best-sellers that deserved to be so. Indeed, Dr. Comfort is to sex what Dr. Spock is to child-rearing. Now he's followed his blockbuster with *More Joy*, a quarter of a million copies of which will come from lucky Crown Publishers on September 10, at $12.95 with illustrations and $7.95 without. The lavish, lively illustrations are by the same artists who did *Joy*. The text fills in some gaps and

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goes into such issues as the essence of maleness and femaleness, problems of the elderly and disabled, behavior therapy, encounter groups, and the distinctive methods employed in sexual therapy. I'd give it an X rating and say "go."

Tragic

Henry Dumas was a brilliant black writer who, at age 33, was killed by a policeman in Harlem in a case of "mistaken identity." On August 26, Random House brought out two books written by Dumas: *Ark of Bones and Other Stories* and a volume of poetry called *Play Ebony, Play Ivory*. Eugene Redmond, who edited both books, calls the stories "fresh, frank slices of black life," and that they seem to be. The poems are mostly short, not bitter or violent, and full of a wry humor. Here's one from a series; he calls it "Kef 27":

I'm gonna go into the house
and sit at the table and eat up
everything I see, and then I'm gonna think about
what I ate, then I gonna get up from that table
and I gonna stretch myself a little bit and then
I'm gonna think about what I'm gonna do after that,
and then I gonna do it, and after I do it,
I'm gonna think about what I did.

Wales Tales

During World War II, I was stationed for nine months in Wales and became an avid Welshophile, to the point of naming a daughter Cambria—Latin for "Wales." So I was delighted to find out, in Ray Milland's *Wide-Eyed in Babylon* (Morrow, September 9), that he had been born in Neath, where I had heard a couple of *Messiahs* sung and had a girl friend who taught me Welsh songs. The opening section of Mr. Milland's book—his Welsh boyhood—deserves to be in an anthology of boyhoods. He went from there to service in the elite household cavalry (there's a hysterically funny section about being under review while also under the influence), to a sort of drifting into acting, to years in Hollywood making skatey-eight movies, culminating in *The Lost Weekend* (he's a non-drinker). He's got a good, zippy style, and the only thing that mars the book for me is a kind of older-man grumpy conservatism toward the end. Here's a bit of Wales:

As Christmas Day grew closer, anticipation sharpened. By eight or nine o'clock we would be in bed, my sisters and I. But sleep was harder to come by; even with the bolster against the door I could hear them whispering and giggling, and then the carolers would come. I would quickly pop out of bed, rush to the window, and there they would be with a candle or two. Five or six young people singing *"Ar Hyd Y Nos"* or "Good King Wenceslas" and singing it very well, too. For in Wales every child is taught music in some form or another from the first day he starts school. In each of the little residential streets in my village there was at least one house with a highly polished brass plate fastened at the side of the front door, inscribed "Madame Blodwen Davies. Lessons in Piano." Then the letters *"L.R.C.M."* which meant that she was a graduate of the London Royal College of Musicians. Or another sign might read "Professor Gladwyn Price. Violin." There was one I shall never forget, which said, "Mr. Idris Pritchard. Welsh Harp. L.R.C.M.," and then below in brackets, "[Failed]."

In Wales there is a preponderance of surnames beginning with the letter *P*. Now there is a reason for this. Hundreds of years ago there were no surnames in Wales. Every man was known as the son of his father, and this relationship was signified by the word *ap*, which meant "son of." Thus you got "William ap Rhys," which became over the years "William Price." Or "John Pritchard," which had been "John ap Richard."

Writ by Their Own Hands

Mind you, I'm not taking an oath, but I would say that the autobiographies I've just read by Jack Hawkins and Ray Milland were actually written by themselves—not a whiff of a ghost hanging around. Hawkins comes through in his *Anything for a Quiet Life* (Stein & Day, September 16) as Mr. Solid Citizen, with such un-actory statements as, "I have always been secretly rather astonished that I reached the top." He was a good actor and a happily married man, with children. In 1966 he was struck with throat cancer, which was operated on, taking away his voice, most of his livelihood, and, seven years later, his life. It was a good life, and he tells it well. Here's a Marlene Dietrich story:

I was once sitting beside her during a lull between shots. She delved into her handbag and pulled out a small mirror, and all the time we were chatting she was looking into the mirror with a peculiar intensity. This struck me as an unusual display of vanity. Meanwhile, the French cameraman, one of the greatest cameramen of all time, George Beninalt, was supervising the lighting.

Suddenly, Marlene stopped our conversation and, pointing to the rack carrying the back lighting, said: "George! Not number eighteen. Number seventeen. And a little more to the left." She had been using the mirror to study the rigging of the lights which would show her to her best advantage. She is also, of course, a very fine actress, largely because she knows absolutely her own limitations; but within those limitations there is nobody to touch her.

The Wilder Shores of Love

I've never been as happy being entertained as I was one afternoon last year in a small auditorium where Alec Wilder talked about the songs in his *American Popular Song* (Oxford). Marian McPartland played them incomparably, and Teddi King, a great and largely unheralded pop singer, did the vocals. Pure bliss. Alec Wilder has many, many friends, and 10 of them are profiled in Whitney Balliett's *Alec Wilder and His Friends* (Houghton Mifflin, August 19). The buddies are Marian McPartland, Mabel Mercer, Marie Marcus, Bobby Hackett, Tony Bennett, Ruby Braff, Blossom Dearie—all musicians—Bob and Ray, and, naturally, Wilder himself. A goodly lot. Mr. Balliett says:

They hold a common vision of life that has lately fallen low. They are highly moral people who have guarded their souls, who have, no matter how bad the going, refused to compromise. They have gone without jobs when fashion has turned against them, rather than demean themselves in shoddy ones. . . . They have bent their energies wholly toward the endless polishing of their respective arts, and preeminence, no matter how tardy or circumscribed, has been their reward. □

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There'll Always Be an Englishman

London

No matter how dark the prospect, how multiplex the problems, how depressing the balance of payments, I warm my heart by contemplating the grace of England's mores, and the felicity with which the English use our common tongue.

This morning I received a letter from Her Majesty's Royal Post Office:

Dear Sir/Madam:

You recently posted an air mail letter to New York, N.Y., U.S.A. which was prepaid only 10½ p. The correct postage was 15 p.

If we had sent the letter on, your correspondent would have had to pay a surcharge. We were sure you would not have liked that to happen, so we made up the postage to the correct amount and sent on your letter fully stamped.

You now owe us 4½ p. I should be grateful if you would stick postage stamps for this amount in the space below and post this prepaid card back to me.

Yours faithfully,
E. A. Lovegrove,
Controller

If you know of any other country in which postal Pooh-Bahs display such courtesy, let me know. (And if you ever run across a controller as happily named as E. A. Lovegrove, call me collect.)

When the mails fail to bring delight, I restore my faith in England's forever unique ways by reading the newspapers' "Letters to the Editor." Consider this exchange on consecutive days:

Broken shirt buttons

Sir: My grandmother used to complain that the laundry broke the shirt buttons in half. They still do. May one ask why there has been no progress?

Yours faithfully,
Bryan Welch,
Downing College
Cambridge

Broken shirt buttons

Sir: Mr. Welch is surely mistaken in thinking there has been no progress since the days when his grandmother complained that the laundry broke shirt buttons in half. On the contrary, recent advances in laundry technology have made this a growth industry. Not only is there an exponential increase in the number of buttons broken, but they are now much more efficiently smashed, into at least half a dozen pieces.

Yours, etc.
C. A. Fisher,
School of Oriental
and African Studies

Broken shirt buttons

Sir: I do not remember my grandmother complaining that the laundry broke shirt buttons in half. But she did complain about the trivia that appear in *The Times* correspondence columns. May one ask why there has been no progress?

Yours faithfully,
Richard Wood,
44 Ingarsby Drive
Evington,
Leicester

If you ever fear that the legendary aplomb of Albion is "going down the drain" (a prophecy I hear in mounting chorus from fellow Americans), the columnists in the daily press will restore your faith; viz.:

Overheard in the foyer of one of our grandest hotels: Young lady to old lady seated on a shooting stick: "Granny, why don't you sit on one of the chairs?"

Old lady: "One never sits on a hotel chair, my dear. One never knows who has been sitting there before."

I doubt that Noel Coward (or Neil Simon) ever coined a niftier line of instant characterization.

The special affection which Englishmen lavish on eccentrics still flourishes:

Whitehall Tribute

Sir—Mr. F. Sanger's delightful anecdote prompts me to recall an experience with my grandfather in the early 'twenties.

An imposing figure, with flowing moustaches and draped in a cloak, he would station himself opposite the statue of King Charles I and with the point of his malacca cane order any male passer-by to doff his hat and salute the "greatest gentleman who ever lived."

Strangely, nearly all did so, albeit shamefacedly. After about half an hour a policeman would invariably turn up and gently tell him "That is enough for today, Colonel Cockburn," and the old boy would move on, chuckling with glee, to repeat the performance at the Cenotaph.

Christopher Phillpotts,
London, S.E. 1.

As for the national love of nature, it is exceeded only by the national passion for pets. A men's hat shop on Jermyn Street has long kept a stuffed cat near the cash register; the glaring cat is in a glass case, and a silver plaque on the stand identifies the taxidermized darling "who walked into our lives, and whom we all loved and will never forget."

As to Nature, grand or small, ponder this appeal to ecologists:

On Wenlock Edge

Sir, Hurrah for John Dugdale's [letter]. As a boy I saw on Wenlock Edge the wood in trouble—natural, not man-made, trouble. I was fifteen. It was a great, tempestuous sight. I told my very great English master, S. S. Sopwith, and he read me Housman's poem.

I think I still know most of AEH by heart, and as a prisoner of war in the Far East, tried to put some of the poems from memory into Latin verse. Perhaps it helped in that situation. One thing leads to another. Do let us not desecrate Wenlock Edge, please.

Anthony Chenevix-Trench,
Fettes College,
Carrington Road, Edinburgh

Finally, I raise my hand and solemnly swear that I overheard this exchange on a bus in Piccadilly between two Cockney (I assume) ladies:

FIRST WOMAN: Loiked the show, did she now?

SECOND WOMAN (nodding): Called it smashing.

FIRST WOMAN: Fancy that. A ply by Shikespeare. . . . Which one was it, luv?

SECOND WOMAN: I'nt sure, but I *think* it was *The Timing of the Screw.* □

WIT TWISTER NO. 29
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 50.

The cook, disgruntled, — — — — —
to leave her job
And on the — — — — — creates an
awful clatter.
She heaves the heavy — — — — —
from hearth and hob;
Their — — — — — among them
roll and crash and scatter.
Cook does not — — — — — till
total chaos reigns,
Then quits her — — — — — without withdrawal pains.

A. S.

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Whales May Survive, But That's All

The boycott of Japanese products conducted by 20 U.S. conservation organizations may end this month. It has enraged the Japanese and hurt some exports, but it has not persuaded them that whaling is a sin against man and nature and must be stopped.

No one expected the voluntary boycott to bring the Japanese to their knees, but it did show that the environmentalists have some muscle to back up worldwide protests. The justification for lifting the boycott is that decisions expected at the International Whaling Commission meeting in June were, in effect, postponed, and the anti-whaling forces would like to put the Japanese in a better disposition to accept recommendations that will be presented early next year.

Since the Russians and Japanese refuse to accept the 10-year moratorium, the IWC decided at its last meeting to classify whale stocks in three categories: those that should be fully protected, those that should be maintained at a maximum-sustainable-yield level through a quota system, and those that can be harvested until their maximum sustainable yield is reached. The precise definition of these categories has been left to the commission's Science Committee. The hopes of the conservationists now ride on the possibility that the committee's definitions will be tough—for example, placing the sperm and fin whales in the banned category—and that the Russians and Japanese will accept them.

Planning and the Public

After 75 years of effort to assist communities in devising more humane environments, with homes in easy reach of both town and countryside, the Town and Country Planning Association of Great Britain has issued a report, which concludes: "For all the legislation on public participation in planning, and for all the lip-service paid to the concept by the planning profession, the public is not being permitted to play a constructive role in the planning process."

Support Mounts for Container Bill

To the astonishment of almost everyone, the present administration is supporting a federal bottle bill (*World Environment Newsletter*, April 6). In testimony before the Senate Environment Subcommittee, John R. Quarles, Jr., made clear that he was speaking not merely for the Environmental Protection Agency, of which he is deputy administrator, but for the administration. He testified that a ban on nonreturnable beverage containers from interstate commerce could save the energy equivalent of 92,000 barrels of oil a day.

Thomas Kimball, executive vice-president of the National Wildlife Federation, put it more dramatically. The energy wasted in the United States in 1971 on beer and soda containers, he said, exceeds the combined energy needs of 15 of the poorest countries of Africa, Asia, and Latin America. He also quoted the president of Coca-Cola USA as testifying before a Senate committee that "Coke sold in food stores in non-returnable packages is priced, on the average, 30 to 40 percent higher than Coca-Cola in returnable bottles."

Environmental Action reports that conservation groups at the hearing presented statistics from the "Beverage Industry Manual 1973–1974" showing that packaging accounts for 56 percent of the cost of a container of beer, as compared with 12 percent for the ingredients.

Among the few big companies declining to fight a federal bottle bill are the Adolph Coors Brewing Company and Dr. Pepper/Royal Crown Cola. The smaller bottlers and brewers, the hearings showed, are generally in favor of the legislation. The returnable/reusable deposit-bottle system required thousands of small- and medium-sized bottling plants serving a geographical area small enough to make pick-ups as well as deliveries. The throwaway can or bottle made it possible for the giants to force small companies out of business, with the result that the number of breweries has declined from 407 in 1950 to 64 today. Soft-drink bottlers have dropped from 5,200 in 1947 to less than 1,600—and falling fast.

Global Report

Edmonton, Alberta—When disturbed or eroded land is reclaimed, little thought or study is normally given to what seed may be most appropriate ecologically. And as strip mining, road building, and pipe laying push northward to ever less stable soils, finding the right seed for the right environment becomes crucial.

Dr. Herman Vaartnou, head botanist with the Alberta agricultural department, has collected more than 150 native grasses, legumes, and bushes from about 4,000 sites in western Canada and the United States. In both natural and climatically controlled conditions, he has been studying their characteristics, and eight of the most promising species are already in seed production. Ultimately, he hopes to identify 50 or 60 ecotypes of special merit and to make them available in 10 or 15 basic seed mixtures to cover the whole range of reclamation jobs anywhere in western North America.

Starting seven years ago, working alone, Dr. Vaartnou now has diversified support from government agencies, mining companies, and the oil industry.

Paris—An enterprising doctoral student surveyed 1,608 persons in 78 departments of France to determine how they adjudged the quality of their own lives. Eighty-two percent professed to be very, or fairly, content. Their dissatisfactions stemmed primarily from man-made nuisances in the environment; those spontaneously mentioned most often were noise, and dirt in towns and cities.

The principal surprise in the survey was that "with regard to action on environmental protection . . . very few (1 to 3 percent) seem to place the responsibility with industrialists, property developers and other private firms." A plurality (46 percent) assigned primary responsibility to public authorities, but the obligations of the public, collectively and individually, were emphasized by many (20 and 19 percent respectively).

Seattle—It appears that the killing of porpoise in the process of tuna fishing will go on for some time longer. When the Marine Mammal Protection Act was passed in 1972, the tuna industry was given a two-year exemption, which expires next month. The purpose was to

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(**Report:** *continued from page 9.*)
tontail Ranch, located in the desert near Goldfield. Brooklyn-born, five feet tall with tangled red hair, Miss Harrell has been campaigning for a seat in the Nevada State Assembly. She is shrewd, articulate, and quick to seize opportunities for publicity. Her foremost campaign issue—getting the federal government to relinquish its huge land holdings in Nevada—is a direct outgrowth of her own battles with the Bureau of Land Management over the location of Cottontail Ranch. She managed to lease the site and hold it until a Jack Anderson column about a brothel on federal land forced the BLM to bring eviction proceedings. After three years of legal appeals, she surrendered last June and—with the press on hand to record the momentous event—moved her trailers 2,000 feet onto private land.

Beverly Harrell (she pronounces it "Har-RELL") is not the only current Nevada madam to have achieved fame in a wide world. A woman known only as Sheri, the proprietress of Sheri's Ranch, one of the brothels within taxi distance of Las Vegas, recently addressed a meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. She presented an overview of whorehousing, and one of her girls added clinical details. "The hall was jammed," says University of Nevada psychologist Tom Logan, who brought in the Sheri's Ranch team. "It was the most popular thing at the convention."

THE PROSTITUTION-LAW REFORMERS welcome such public discussion for its help in airing and demythologizing a forbidden subject. But they themselves are attacking more directly, principally through the courts, to eliminate or radically change the laws governing prostitution. The aim is to make prostitution, as New York ACLU attorney Marilyn G. Haft phrases it, "a legitimate business."

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 55

R(ICHARD) CAVENDISH:
(ENCYCLOPEDIA OF)
THE UNEXPLAINED

Superstitions are reactions to uncertainty and anxiety, and . . . even the most rigidly rational of men, placed in a situation beyond his control, may automatically react superstitiously, in a way of which he might not have thought himself capable.

Forging the present reform coalition has not been easy. Militant feminists have tended to regard prostitutes as underprivileged, male-victimized sisters who need to have their consciousness raised and their legs crossed. This attitude led, a couple of years ago, to tense and sometimes bitter encounters between the two groups. In New York's suburban Westchester County, a band of prostitutes stormed into a feminist meeting and announced that they neither wanted nor needed "rehabilitation." Calling the stunned feminists hypocrites, they asked rhetorically how many women could honestly say they do not prostitute themselves to men in exchange for security and financial support. Last year the National Organization of Women signaled a general feminist capitulation by collaborating with the ACLU on a pamphlet calling for decriminalization; at the San Francisco convention, NOW buttons were as prominent as Coyote's own symbol, a coyote's head bearing a look as lascivious as the animal's reputation.

THE LEGAL STRATEGISTS of reform base their challenge of prostitution laws on four constitutional grounds: equal protection ("prostitution laws clearly discriminate against women," says Marilyn Haft); privacy ("an invasion of the right to control one's body without unreasonable interference from the state"); cruel and unusual punishment (several states make the mere status of being a prostitute a criminal offense); and due process (the use of loitering and vagrancy ordinances in indiscriminate street sweeps). The strategists are heartened by the growing acceptance of at least some of their contentions—most notably by a 1972 American Bar Association special committee report calling for decriminalization.

In the rhetoric and legal cannonading for reform, Nevada's situation is little mentioned. The reformers realize, as do Nevadans, that the state's tolerant attitude toward prostitution stems not from enlightened interpretations of the Constitution or newfound concern for the rights of women. Rather, it stems from tradition and an obstinate pride in being different. Nevadans don't need anyone to tell them of the social acceptability—and usefulness—of prostitution. From Mark Twain to Beverly Harrell, they have been decriminalizers before their time.

ROGER M. WILLIAMS

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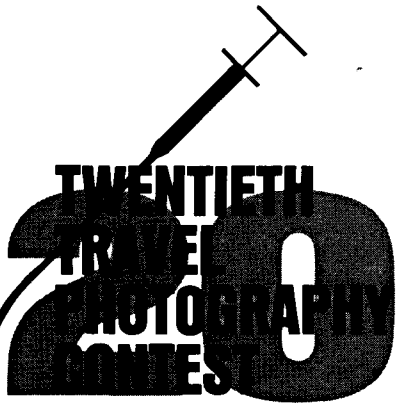

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The Future of the Arts

The next half-century will bring notable changes to the cultural life of the nation. In the following special section, SR/W writers foresee trends in book publishing, poetry, music, drama, film, and dance.

Letterpress to Microfiche

by Sol Stein

Lincoln Steffens traveled to the Soviet Union soon after the Bolshevik Revolution and signaled his judgment: "I have been over into the future, and it works."

Had Steffens lived to witness what went on in the Soviet Union during the following half-century—the purging of the revolutionaries, the Hitler-Stalin pact, the Khrushchev denunciation and continuation of the nightmare past, the triumph of state capitalism, the present "détente" with the West—he might not have jumped to a simplistic judgment.

I recently completed a bookman's tour of every section of our own union and am prepared to say, "I have seen part of the future, and some of it works." Anyone hoping to prognosticate accurately about the next half-century of publishing is on a fool's errand. Nevertheless, certain trends command our attention.

The microfiche is a relatively inexpensive machine ($150 for some models), a magnifying scanner that enables a bookstore clerk with a prospective customer on the phone to check the availability of a book at his local wholesaler within seconds. A publisher can scan a weekly microfiche report and in seconds find out how a certain title is selling in a given geographical area. A similar machine will enable a scholar in a library to skim rapidly through an out-of-print book that has been preserved, in greatly miniaturized form, on plastic cards, each holding many pages of information. The microfiche is as much fun to use as a new toy and as practical as—and cheaper than—the telephone.

The logical consequence of the microfiche should be regional warehouses, operated by wholesalers or publishers, maintaining a supply of the backlist books that are hard to come by in all but the best personal and chain bookshops. Just think of being able to obtain almost any in-print book in a regional warehouse servicing all bookshops in a multi-state area! Well, think twice, because between the bookstore and the would-be reader stands the most inefficient magnabureaucracy imaginable: the U.S. Post Office, which, despite an increase in mechanization, becomes with each passing year slower, less reliable, and more expensive. Getting a book you need in time via "book post" is as likely today as a bar of butter's surviving in a marathon runner's hand.

The lament that there are fewer bookstores (as distinguished from stores that sell records, jigsaw puzzles, greeting cards, games, and *some* books) used to be countered by the fact that the book-club form of distribution could reach anyone who had a mailbox. But book clubs, too, have had increasing problems because of deteriorating postal service—announcements can arrive after the final date by which a book can be declined. Hence both for bookstores and book clubs the post office remains the enemy, with no sign of improvement in sight. Therefore, in the future you are likely to see publishers and bookstores turning increasingly to private delivery services, such as UPS (United Parcel Service), which are faster, more reliable, and ultimately less expensive.

Besides the microfiche, another technological development is "shrink wrapping," the process by which books, like records, can be heat-sealed in cellophane, protecting the jacket from the rigors of travel and keeping fingermarks off the interior of books, particularly expensive ones. But this works against the honest pleasure of browsing through a book to test one's interest. However, I predict an increasing trend to shrink-wrapping current books, with bookstores removing the wrapping on only the top copy for browsers.

Look also for the introduction into the United States of a British-designed book package that is extremely lightweight, requires no sealing tape, fully protects a book from mishandling in transit, and can be opened by the bare-handed consumer in two seconds.

One important technological development the public is unaware of has come in the nick of time. The Cameron is a huge machine that can manufacture hardbound books in one continuous process, at the rate of 2,500 books an hour. The Cameron today is mainly used for novels and non-illustrated nonfiction, but it is being improved so that it can handle illustrated material as well. The cost-saving is significant. Does this mean books will become cheaper? Not at all, because paper, among other factors, has become much more expensive. But were it not for the Cameron, many books would be much more expensive than they are today. Some books, particularly novels, would not exist.

Unfortunately, the Cameron is an expensive investment for an industry with low profit margins; each costs more than $1 million installed, and there are only six in the whole United States. But machinery like the Cameron is, at least, a counterinflationary trend.

Will audiovisual technology make the book obsolete in the decades to come? I think not. A book is meant to be read at one's own pace, not listened to at the speaker's pace; audio cassettes are for the hard-of-seeing. Nor can a microfiche

Sol Stein is the president of the book publishing firm Stein and Day as well as a novelist and prize-winning playwright.

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reader be held in one's lap in a comfortable armchair or taken aboard a plane or train.

One hears a great deal about the coming decline of the hardcover book, particularly from the young. The point of a hardcover book is the durability of its paper and binding, and therefore of its contents. The performing arts, even when captured on film or tape, are a part of our culture that cannot effectively be passed from generation to generation. A 1930s movie today is seen out of context. Technological developments make films of just a decade or two ago different in a way that a book of a previous period is not. The performances of Shakespeare's plays can be described for us—interpretations vary greatly from period to period—but only the texts, passed down in book form, can remain the same. Reading about the performing arts of the past is like reading about sex; it is not the same as the experience. Hence the only precise way that culture is transmitted from generation to generation is in the durable book.

And yet our young people often say they think of books as unwelcome property, burdensome objects that shouldn't have to be packed up and moved when the reader changes his address. Hence the young favor the book that is sure to disintegrate, that can be left behind or lost with equanimity—the paperback, which they will buy in preference to a hardcover book even when the prices are approximately the same (this has been tested).

When I lectured to the creative-writing students at U.C.L.A. this spring, I conducted a small test of my own. During the course of my talk, I took the instructor's copy of my own hardcover novel, *Living Room*, out of his hands and tore it to pieces. The reaction was immediate and audible—cries of "No! No!" as if a child were having his limbs torn off. Apparently, even among the young there is still a strong vestigial feeling about the physical book.

I grew up in my father's library, my reading progressing with my ability to climb. The books, all of them hardcovers, were the cultural legacy he did not transmit orally. And as reading, rather than inheritance, made the books mine, I found myself deriving pleasure from glancing through a volume I had read, tasting the early pages; even just seeing the spine on the shelf brought back some of the original experience. Until that benefit of a permanent book is uprooted from our minds, until we no longer have pleasure from the sharing of an experience (called "word-of-mouth"), the durable book will be with us.

This is not to minimize the paperback revolution, which has not only brought books to 100,000 convenient outlets but has also dramatically increased readership. We hear nonsense that the novel, particularly, is dying. My second novel, *The Magician*, was bought (in three editions: hardcover, book club, and paperback) by one out of every 400 people in the United States, counting infants and the blind. One of every 100 families bought the book. Those numbers could not have been achieved 50 years ago, and certainly not in previous centuries. Successful books are being bought in far greater numbers than ever in the past, and the striking fact is that the category with the greatest sales is fiction, which is not in decline but growing at a fantastic rate and likely to continue doing so.

The trend in fiction, however, is clear. The hardcover novel will sell less and less as people get used to waiting for the paperback. Nevertheless, another trend in the making is the use of paperbacks as a test; the serious reader who buys and likes a paperback novel will later buy the hardcover edition for his permanent library. But the heyday of the hardcover novel is over. The record-setter for the 1960s was Elia Kazan's *The Arrangement*, with 917,000 hardcover copies sold during the year of its publication via book clubs and bookstores. Records like that are not likely to be broken.

Moreover, the first novel by an unknown and the novel that can attract only a small, specialized audience in its first year are in serious danger. When hardcover novels sold for two dollars, a publisher could recover his costs with the sale of 2,000 or 3,000 copies. Today, when new novels are four times that price, the break-even point is over 7,000 copies and climbing. Publishing is a business. Shareholders look to a profit. That means a good deal of new fiction is subsidized by the publisher. And the same is true for the very good non-fiction book with a severely limited market. The businessman views such publishing as unbusinesslike; the experienced publisher views such books as the equivalent of research and development costs. The main obstacle to such investments is the current tendency of a few agent-brokers to shop their authors around, moving them from house to house like pieces on a chessboard. But even those few agents who look only for the biggest buck in front cannot destroy, in the long run, the most important company kept in publishing: that between an author and his editor; when the rapport between them is good, it is a contract as binding as the successful relationship of a man and a woman, married or not.

News stories about million-dollar deals for authors cause the public to assume that book publishing is becoming like a cattle or a tobacco auction. Those unrepresentative stories are misleading. What every author wants more than anything else is the *success* of his work, and the author who understands that will not step up on a block to be sold to the highest bidder. The noise and excitement of gambling has nothing to do with the success of a literary career or, indeed, with one's ultimate earnings.

ONCE A BOOK has been written, edited, and manufactured, it has to be publicized against great odds. There are perhaps 38,000 new hardcover titles published each year. What reader can name 38 of them off the top of his head? The

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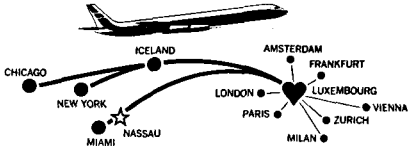

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public learns of the existence of books today more through talk-show interviews and off-the-book-page stories than it does through the more traditional means of reviews and advertisements. But if a different author is interviewed every day on the same program, the mind boggles at the thought of influencing a potential reader to select a particular book. Fortunately, there is still a non-television-watching reader who seeks out information about new books in the few media whose reviews can be taken seriously from time to time. The competition for space in the best book media has increased sharply as the number of newspapers and magazines running reviews has declined. Getting books reviewed at all is an expensive operation. It is the efficiency of publicizing the existence of a book that has increasingly become the mark of the publisher who will survive.

ONCE THE EXISTENCE of a book is known, its availability is paramount. And that is where the American book-publishing system breaks down. Hardcover books are still distributed as they were 50 years ago—badly—and few improvements are in sight. The advent of huge chains of bookstores, such as Walden and Dalton, is not a blow to the personal bookshop, which will continue to flourish if efficiently run. But the chains will increase the availability of books, especially in frequently visited shopping centers.

The increase in the number of paperback bookshops (some of which now stock selected hardcover titles!) is good news, because they are more efficient than the newsstand and similar outlets serviced by rack jobbers, who give a paperback book a shelf life of perhaps 30 days before ripping off the covers and sending them back to the publisher at the rate of 40 to 60 percent of those distributed in the first place. What sane business can survive such a rate of return? The new paperback bookshops, however, return only 10 percent of what they buy. That makes better economic sense for them, the publisher, *and* the author; so look in the coming years for another step in the paperback revolution: the elimination of the inefficient (and frequently illiterate) wholesaler in favor of the outlet that is served directly by the publisher's own salesmen. There, a worthwhile book can go on selling for the years it deserves.

In other words, books will be treated more like objects of continuing interest and less like newspapers and magazines that daily or monthly head for the recycling machines.

In the last 50 years, book publishing has seen two drastic changes: the advent of book clubs and the proliferation of the mass-market paperback. Both changes have affected hardcover publishers favorably. Because publishers help create the vehicles that are then licensed to others for distribution in new forms, efficiently managed publishing houses can be far more profitable today than they could 50 years ago.

The changes of the last and the next 50 years involve, essentially, the *distribution* of books. And because the existing changes have benefited not only publishers but also authors, a larger number of whom can now derive something like a reasonable living from writing books (more, say, than from writing movies or selling books to the movies, the pot of gold of yesterday), my outlook for the next half-century is basically optimistic. If new forms of distribution and publicity replace the antiquated ones, author and publisher will both benefit, and the convenience of the reader will be better served.

FIFTY YEARS AGO it was hard to buy a book in the United States. It is far less difficult today, and a great many more books are being sold. If the U.S. postal system can be removed as the transmission belt between writer and reader, as it has largely been in the case of truck-shipped paperback books, the next 50 years could be bright. If only 3 percent of the population of the United States buys at least one durable book in the course of a year, an increase of 1 percent would mean a 33⅓ percent growth in general book sales.

In colleges the boring multi-authored textbooks of yesteryear are being replaced by real books. A highly mobile society has acquired the habit of buying a paperback to read en route from airport to airport. In the last half-century, most youngsters mainly read books that they had borrowed from libraries. Today, however, they buy paperback books and constitute a huge, new, definable market with, on the whole, rather better taste than their comic-book-reading progenitors had. Despite its many problems, book publishing is for the first time in history a multibillion-dollar industry that can look ahead to a bright next half-century. ☐

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

The Future of Poetry

I have no crystal ball, and my bifocals are usually smudged. Yet a retrospective occasion invites prophecy, and what is there to prophesy? My powers of foresight are like those of the souls in Dante's *Inferno*: they can see what lies far in the future, but things blur as they draw nearer.

With the certainty of a sinner, I can name the major poets of the year 2500. They will be, among others, Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Donne, Alexander Pope, and John Keats. (I confine my guesses to the classic masters and the English poets.) I agree with T. S. Eliot that Dante and Shakespeare divide the world and that there is no third. By the year 2500 a third may have appeared.

It is possible that political ideology will have blanked out an interest in poetry. All good art is the product of relatively free men. In this sense "art" does not include the performing arts. A tyrannical government might encourage choirs, dancers, instrumentalists, and actors; it can only stifle the creation of new forms for such performers to perform. It is no accident that the Third Reich, though it generated enough energy to trample the world, and might well have conquered it, did not produce a single work of art of any consequence.

So may future tyrants twist the young into "tigers" or regiment them as zombies, whereby art will die for the duration of that tyranny. In the end, however, it is tyrannies that die, not art. And even within tyrannies, the fetus comes through to life with the iambic lub-DUB of its heartbeat built into the nervous system. All life is rhythm, and rhythm is the first pulse of art.

There are those who argue that poetry, and in fact all reading, is obsolescent and that the future is on its way to binary encodement by way of an audiovisual interim. Perhaps. But poetry has had rich periods of an oral tradition apart from reading: it can live by audio devices as it did by oral transmission in a simpler past.

Poetry, moreover, is a powerful sanction, especially in a society that has largely lost its religious sanctions. (I think I have just misquoted Wallace Stevens.) That sanction may become even more important in a society whose administrative force is to reduce all individuals to code numbers and to treat them as blips in a standardized traffic of blips.

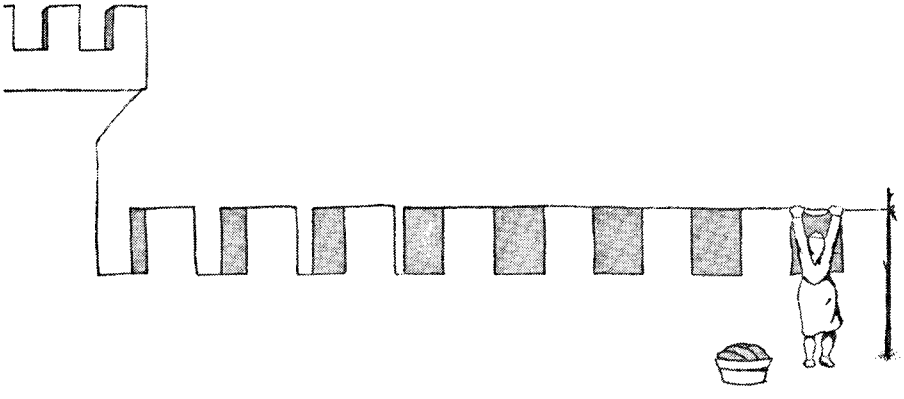
Every man is in soul-trouble when he walks out to look at the stars on a clear country night. City lights blur the stars for urban man in much the same way computers tend to blur him from his own variations of his own basic lub-DUB. But the beat is there, and the stars are, and men will find themselves listening and hearing, and no computer is able to express what a man then feels.

There is also what I will dare call "the sacrament of language." At times, whether by folk tradition or by the genius of an individual, the language has, so to speak, crystallized (reified, thingified) into a form so seemingly perfect that the passage remains fixed in the memory of mankind—as the Psalms have remained so fixed, even in translation. Languages die, as Latin and Greek died, and still the power of such seemingly perfect passages endures. Men still say the words, and the rhythms, the resonances, the *saying* stir the speaker to his unconscious. They identify him to himself as no computer can. They stir his sense of identity, in fact, *against* the mechanical identifications of the machine. The more completely a man is subjected to mechanical identification, the greater will be his need to find and assert his own identity.

If the people of the year 2500 do not need and value the poets I have mentioned, then that year will have fallen within an interim of the tiger or of the zombie. Outside of such interims, the obvious necessity that such poets endure must at least suggest a measure to the poets of today and tomorrow: whatever any poet writes in English must, if it is to survive, fit on the same shelves that hold the works of the poets I have mentioned.

In the shorter range, the contest is (as always) between the poetic and the antipoetic, between formally written poetry and the barbaric yawp, between the "made" and the "unmade" poets (the analogy is to a bed). Whitman pretended to be the great unmade poet; yet at his best, he was an obsessive reviser who took exquisite formal pains. For no good poem is an impromptu. The impromptu is what begins to happen at about the twentieth draft. The good yawp is no more exempt from revision than is the good formal poem.

Perhaps the great danger facing younger poets is the mistranslation of *vers libre* (poetry liberated from certain tired conventions) as "free verse" (help yourself to anything and let it flow free). William Carlos Williams, our supreme master of *vers libre*, never tired of saying "Something has to measure." The danger of taking "free verse" to be a license-to-blurt, especially when intensified by the "trip culture" of the young, is that it may all too likely produce a "bum trip" for the reader. With genius enough, to be sure, anything can be made to happen. But one measure remains, and only to that measure will worthwhile poetry be written: *the success of the poem is determined, not by how much the poet felt in writing it, but by how much the reader feels in reading it.* □



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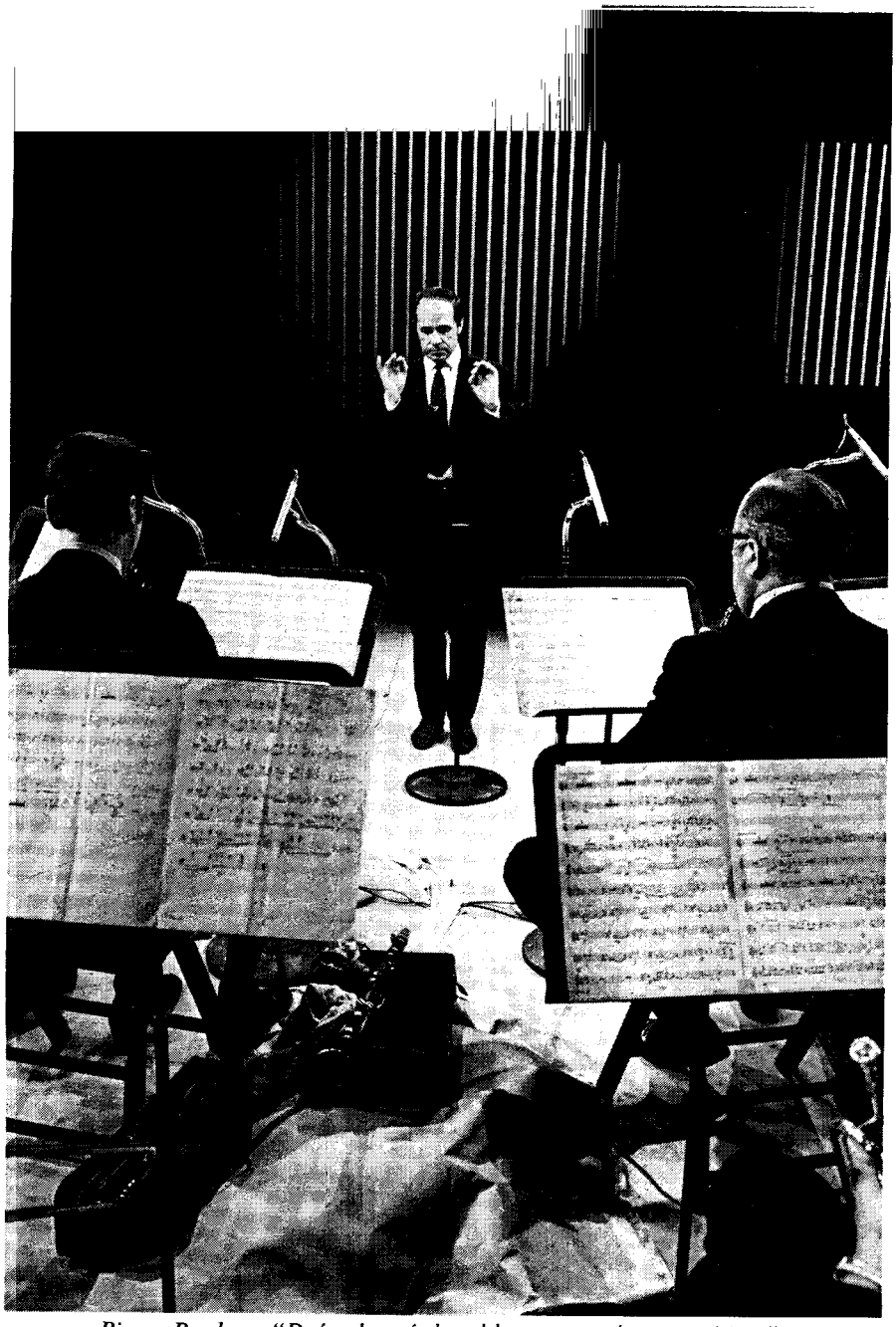

Pierre Boulez—"Defender of the old concept of composition."

The Season of 2024

by Irving Kolodin

In common with most music seasons, the one that began in the fall of 2024 had its share of anniversaries and commemorations, mostly of a conventional character: the hundredth anniversary of the death of Giacomo Puccini in 1924, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Anton Bruckner in 1824, the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the births of Arnold Schoenberg and of Charles Ives, which recapitulated the joint commemoration held in 1974.

However, the anniversary most eagerly awaited and most widely celebrated was the commemoration on March 25, 2025, of the birth 100 years before of the Baron Pierre de Beaubourg. Known for much of his life as Pierre Boulez, he derived the name by which he is now remembered from the Centre Beaubourg, to which he gave more and more of his time after the expiration in 1980 of his third contract as music director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Located at 35, Boulevard de Sébastopol, Paris 1er (Tel. 508 25 000), where it is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its opening in 1975, the Grand Beaubourg houses not only the National Collection of Contemporary Art, a film theater, and a center for industrial design, but also the Petit Beaubourg, in which is situated IRCAM (Institute of Research and Coordination Acoustics/Music), which Boulez directed. It was during an intensive investigation of the properties of real time and pure acoustics that the IRCAM team stumbled on the secret of fragmenting a vibration. This may be compared, roughly, to the primitive concept of atom splitting, from which derived all the sophisticated energy sources that were perfected at the turn of the century. When it had been properly evaluated and similarly perfected, the fragmented vibration made possible the re-creation of the exact shade and timbre of every musical sound, *without* either an instrument or a live performer. One could thus feed into the data bank the formula for the voice of Caruso, Enrico, and get back a sound even superior in fidelity to the best records made during the short life of that incomparable singer.

COMPOSERS CAN NOW SCORE at will not only for famous sounds of the past but also for sounds beyond the capacity of the greatest performers to originate. Audio patterns of the most complex design or extremities of range can be written without regard for a fatigue factor or any other human limitation. The resultant abstractions pose the very real threat of the elimination of musicians altogether, just as blacksmiths and wheelwrights were outmoded when the internal-combustion engine replaced the horse in common transport.

This, however, is not so great a disaster as it might have been half a century before. The ever-increasing cost of manual musical services has resulted in a sharp drop in the number of symphony orchestras on the American continent, from 30 to barely a dozen. On the pattern initiated decades ago in the north-central United States by the Minnesota (formerly the Minneapolis) Orchestra, symphony orchestras had become regional in character. Several shared the same music director, as Boston and San Francisco had shared Seiji Ozawa in the 1970s.

The defenders of the old concept of composition ranging from pre-Bach to early Boulez are typified by the ECS, Eastern Corridor Symphony (serving

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington); by the Southwest Symphony (Dallas, San Antonio, Houston, and Johnson City); the Heartland Symphony (Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and St. Louis); the California Orchestra; the Pacific Orchestra (Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, and Vancouver); and so forth. Only Pittsburgh, of all the cities in the country, continues to maintain an orchestra of its own, thanks to a vast endowment under which it has become part of Carnegie-Mellon University. High-speed transportation has made it possible for the others to present the same meticulously rehearsed program in every city in sequence during the week and return to their base each night.

Among those perfectionists who cling to the belief that the most cleanly designed FV (Fragmented Vibrations) system cannot duplicate the sound of four humans with their own individual vibratos playing a Beethoven or Bartók quartet, a new cult of scholarship is beginning to flourish. Called Neo-Baroque/Beethoven/Brahms/Bartók, it delves into the performance practices of such bygone groups as the Juilliard, Budapest, and Guarneri Quartets, much as their dedicated predecessors of 50 years before had applied themselves to reviving the then-forgotten works of Telemann and Vivaldi, Handel and Schütz.

Problems of economics similar to those of many decades past have plagued opera and other theatrical forms of music. Some productive results accrued from the agreement of 1997 by which all American opera companies undertook to coordinate planning, production, and personnel. But there is much more promise in the just-concluded pact by which the major companies have agreed to apply electronic resources to pooling their efforts. By a drawing of lots, New York has been designated as the Puccini-Rossini-Verdi-Mozart service center; Chicago acquired rights to Gounod-Massenet-Debussy-Berlioz and the Russians; San Francisco assumed responsibility for Wagner-Strauss-Smetana-Berg, and so forth.

The development of multi-dimensional visual projection and hypersensitive audio systems permitted an instant relay of a superb performance from one point of origin to either or both of the other theaters. Either live or on a delayed basis, the outcome was regarded as not only equal to the best standards of the past, but also, in many respects, superior to those that had been experienced over the first quarter of the century. During one trial exchange, Chicago was required to present *Boris* to a New York audience that had assembled to hear *Manon*, but the extraordinary quality that prevailed gave such a fillip of interest that the deviation proved not entirely unwelcome.

THE EXISTENCE OF HIGHLY QUALIFIED ensembles in each service center, which are able to perform their specialties in a manner not possible for any of the three alone, has gone far to break down the curious twentieth-century attitude that an inferior live performance is preferable to a superb transmitted one. The introduction of Viewbank to home TV did much to bring this about.

Viewbank extended the familiar Dial-a-Film system (by which home TV subscribers could select a film of their own choice by dialing a central source) to operas, operettas, musicals, and so on, derived from worldwide sources—La Scala, Bayreuth, Salzburg, for instance. A standard flat rate was charged for short works; longer works could be purchased on an act-by-act basis. As the service was specifically for individual convenience, the viewer could order *Der Rosenkavalier* an act at a time on three successive nights, or he could buy *Parsifal* scene by scene, spread over an entire week. From time to time, Viewbank has brought in direct transmission from the source via satellite. It was the easy availability of such superior merchandise and the alarming falloff in subscriptions for the inferior goods they were purveying that caused the American opera companies to form the above-mentioned cartel we look forward to enjoying.

Reference to the Bruckner bicentennial would be incomplete without mention of the outstanding event of this or any other recent musical season: the introduction of the super–high-fidelity disk, revolving at 8¼ rpms, and derived from the experiments carried on years before on behalf of the TELDEC Video Disk. Although the primary objectives of these experiments have been realized in a different, more economical way, the world of music has profited from the reduction of speed and the finer groove it permitted. The resultant playing time of six hours per 12-inch side has made possible the inclusion of *all nine* Bruckner symphonies for the first time on a single double-sided SPL (Super–Long Play) disk.

The season of 2024 was one of impressive technical innovation, if not markedly different in general conformations from those that have recently preceded it. Novelty was, on the whole, in greater supply than solid creative achievement. □

"It makes me feel good—that's why."

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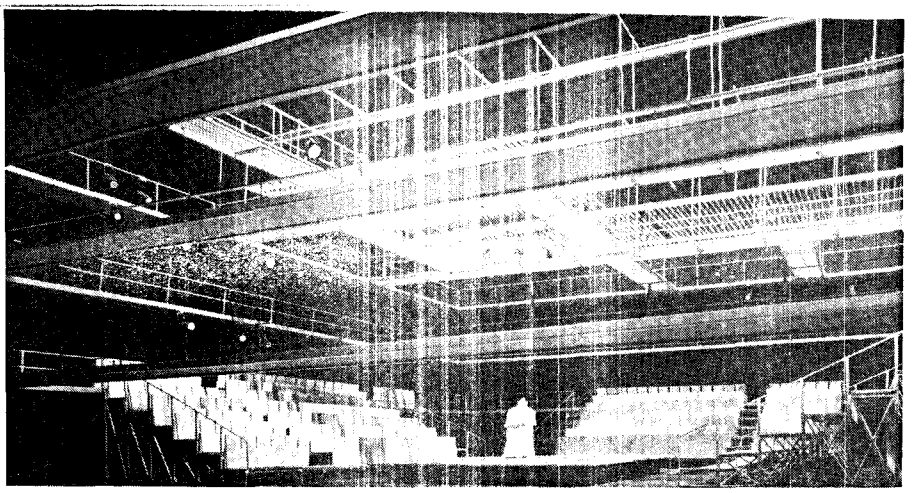
Theater-2024

Fluid Spaces

by Henry Hewes



Louis Checkman

Model of adjustable space theater at State University of New York at Purchase. Area in center can be rearranged for each production with a maximum of 71 feet by 71 feet of free performing space and a 28-foot ceiling.

The forces that will dictate the kind of theater we will have in 2024 are already at work, and with a speeded-up world it is reasonable to assume that these forces will result in a theater as different from the present day's as today's is different from the theater of 1924.

The advent of talking pictures and television, the fear of going to the theater in our crime-ridden big cities, and the rise of labor and advertising costs for a product that cannot benefit by mass production have doomed the old strike-it-rich Broadway system. If Broadway is subsidized as a national treasure, it could remain an important theater center, with some small conventional theaters offering non-profit productions of serious plays. One might find, under commercial auspices, some medium-size playhouses presenting light comedies and thrillers, and some very large auditoriums playing musical spectaculars. All of these theaters would have the most sophisticated scene and lighting equipment, requiring only a few expert technicians to do what is now done manually by large crews.

In a recent Louis Harris survey undertaken for the Associated Councils of the Arts, it was discovered that 38 percent of the American people believed that cultural organizations should receive direct financial support from the government. But more amazingly, it was found that 64 percent would be willing to pay an extra $5 a year in taxes to support arts and culture, 47 percent would be willing to pay an extra $25, and 36 percent an extra $50. This indicates that the present trend, which has produced more than 100 non-profit theaters in the United States, will continue, as will the shift from an entertainment-oriented theater to an art-oriented one.

In cities outside New York, a single theater building or complex of two playhouses will provide the whole spectrum of theater experiences for its audiences. Even though these theaters are non-profit institutions, they will probably import commercial attractions from Broadway, including cut-down versions of some of the musicals. This will leave each professional resident theater free to pursue its own specialty, which will include serious drama, revivals of classics, and experimental theater.

The theater structures themselves will be designed for maximum comfort. Private and public transportation will deposit theatergoers in a complex that contains parking space, restaurants and cafeterias, and interestingly decorated and designed surroundings worth a visit for their own sake.

The inside of the theaters will be equipped for precise control: automated scene-shifting, fantastic lighting, projections that can turn the entire auditorium into a strange new world, will be essential. Amplification of sound, scented air, whose humidity can be manipulated to enhance the play, and even harmless, mood-changing pills handed out before performances may become standard.

One element that separates the theater from the other media is audience participation. The theatergoer can choose not only what he wants to see but also how much he wishes to participate emotionally and physically. The theatergoer's need to preserve his free will and identity, when the means of overpowering him will be much stronger, is a dilemma that architects, writers, and directors will have to resolve.

Other possibilities exist. The development of theater-in-the-streets, theater-in-prisons, theater-in-factories, theater-in-schools, may succeed in making more of our theater an artistic exercise for and by the many. Then, too, the self-expressive work being done by organizations like the La Mama Experimental Theater Troupe could grow from a distinguished avant-garde to a mainstream activity.

One experimental organization, the American Contemporary Theatre in Buffalo, N.Y., has a different approach to the theater of the future. It is based on the premise that mind-to-mind communication can be explored in the theater and on the belief that theater is the only art form that encompasses the universe.

Its most recent production, *purge*, created by Joseph Dunn and Irja Koljonen with music by Bruce Eaton, is a beginning of this approach. The audience sits on the periphery of a huge, darkened space. A symphony of harsh but somehow not unpleasant sounds seems to take us toward some meditative center. Two large circular disks of colored light glow dimly, until we can just barely see two actors performing T'ai Chi Ch'uan movements. A word is occasionally spoken as the hour-long piece progresses through dimly lit silent motion, fluctuating light levels, and orchestrations of loud, amplified sounds. Nothing is random or decorative. With great discipline *purge* pursues its mysterious journey into the universe. In 1974 a high percentage of the audience finds it nearly impossible to receive a work like this. However, there are some who appear to have remarkable and complete experience, and therefore it is possible that audiences in the future may seek a mind-to-mind experience.

Purge was presented in a remodeled factory, and one suspects that some of our future theaters will be large, empty spaces that can be reconstructed for each production. Eugene and Franne Lee, who designed this season's *Candide*, have long used this approach, both at Providence's Trinity Square Repertory Company and at Brooklyn's Chelsea Theater Center. And at the State University of New York at Purchase, architect Edward L. Barnes and theater consultant Ming Cho Lee have designed a huge, empty theater room that has a few flexible permanent features. It is a compromise between an ideal that is impractical, in terms of both economy and physical effort, and a more readily rearrangeable theater space. □

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Mirror to the World

by Hollis Alpert

The film medium has never lacked for prophets of doom. Back in 1936, when movies were hardly more than a quarter of a century old, Seymour Stern wrote that "cinema as a fine art, in every country of the world, presents a picture of absolute bankruptcy." And yet some of the films he used by way of illustration are today being resurrected as classics. About a year ago the president of M.G.M. resigned, stating, in effect, that movies as a mass-market endeavor had lost their viability. Today, M.G.M. is busily making movies for that supposedly lost market.

There were prophets of doom at the Cannes Film Festival this year. Never before had so little of substance been unveiled at this festival. But those same prophets will be there again next year, ready to greet any new talent that might light up the dark of the screening rooms. It is true that, at the moment, we can't discern many major filmmakers emerging from the run-of-the-mill. In the past, the medium's advances have been sparked by giant figures: Griffith, Chaplin, Eisenstein, Pabst, Welles, et al. A resurgence in the Fifties brought us Bergman, Fellini, Kurosawa, and Buñuel. During the Sixties we heralded Antonioni, Resnais, Kubrick, Truffaut, Godard, and Forman. The Seventies are already looking dim by comparison.

But wait. The coming season alone will bring us new films by Fellini, Bergman, Antonioni, Kubrick, Cassavetes, and Coppola. The medium is still plainly very much alive, if not entirely well. Despite economic crisis, wavering audience loyalties, and a critical confusion the likes of which has never existed in any of the other arts, the urge to explore the individual and his changing environment through film exists as strongly as, if not more strongly than, ever.

It was about seven or eight years ago that we suddenly became aware of the Film Generation. According to film critic Stanley Kauffmann, it was "the first generation that has matured in a culture in which the film has been accepted as of serious relevance, however that seriousness is defined." It was a new audience, he said, that existed along with that other, escapist audience. And most of its members were born after 1935. Its existence was signaled, to a startling degree, by the enormous popularity of films such as *The Graduate, Bonnie and Clyde,* and *Easy Rider.*

The generation about which Kauffmann wrote (1966) has since been joined by another generation, born after 1945. But there is something odd about this newer Film Generation. Stephen Farber may have put his finger on it when he reported for *Film Comment* on the recent Los Angeles film festival:

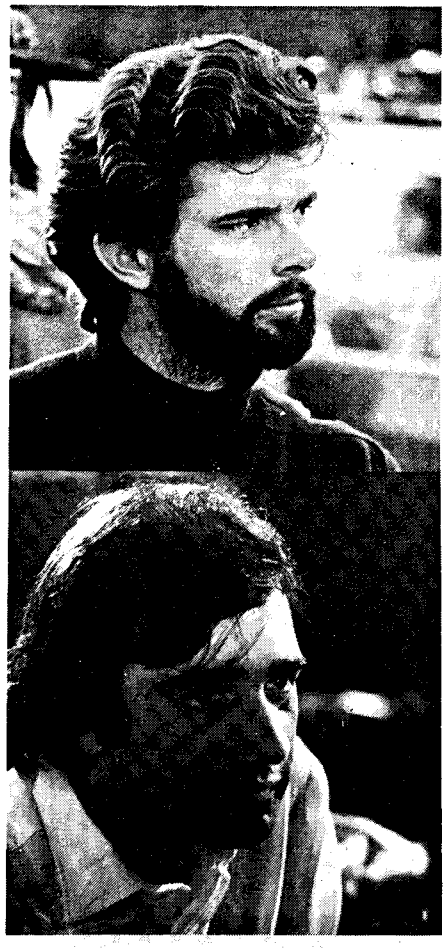
> The audience is the most disturbingly indiscriminate I have ever seen—an audience of movie junkies so hopelessly addicted that almost anything on celluloid provides the necessary fix. They applaud every credit and every obscure character actor. They go wild over (old) movie stars. . . . It is an audience of movie freaks who level all artistic achievements in their indiscriminate adoration of everything that runs through a projector.

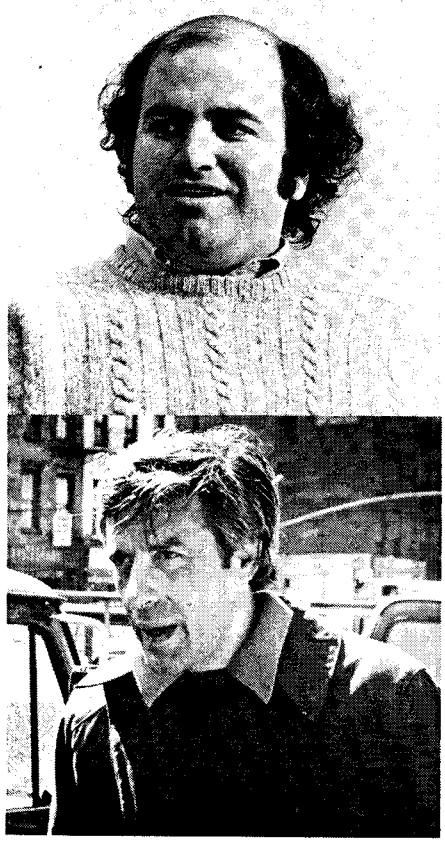
Anyone who has been to a festival—whether in Los Angeles, Cannes, Berlin, or New York—knows the phenomenon: a worshipful love of movies for being movies. And it may account for the fact that so little of artistic or serious interest has emerged from this newer Film Generation, and for the exaggerated fondness for the past—the nostalgia wave—and anything that diverts.

While on the surface it appears that television and movies are beginning to seem the same—with much of the tube's time devoted to showing movies, and a proliferation of movies made strictly for the tube—there is still a divergence. Theatrical movies, for all their economic stringencies, still take chances in subject matter and technique that television doesn't dare. If movies are resembling anything, it is the novel, and it can also be said that the novel reads more and more like a movie.

No one doubts that the novel has adopted some film techniques—the equivalents of cuts, jump cuts, dissolves, and free movement through time and space. Film's predilection for suspense has been taken up by the novel, with very good writers taking to the genre and with *The New York Times Book Review* discovering on its front page such writers as John Le Carré and Ross Macdonald.

Film needs very little in the way of new techniques and new technology to continue on a path of advancement. Such





Writer-directors—(top to bottom) George Lucas, Martin Scorsese, Terence Malick, John Cassavetes.

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aids as faster film negative, hand-held and more mobile cameras, and miniaturized lighting sources have already been absorbed into the technology; and experiments for the sake of experiment now have a way of looking old hat instead of avant-garde. It is through subject matter and its treatment that the new film will define itself.

But something needs to happen first.

For quite a while now, the cult of the director has dominated film criticism. This charismatic figure was thought to be responsible for the totality of a movie: its style, its technique, its personality. The writer was a hack doing the director's bidding, the actors mere puppets that he manipulated, the photography a mirror of his inner vision. For a handful of great directors this was undoubtedly true but not for all of them. Now disenchantment is beginning to set in. Some directors, puffed up by cult admiration, discovered that without worthwhile conceptions they were helpless.

Let us take Francis Ford Coppola, both a writer and a director, as one of our authorities. In a recent interview he said: "I like to think of myself as a writer who directs. When people go to see a movie, 80 percent of the effect it has on them was preconceived and precalculated by the writer. He's the one who imagines opening with a shot of a man walking up the stairs and cutting to another man walking down the stairs. A good script has pre-imagined exactly what the movie is going to do on a story level, on an emotional level, on all these various levels. To me, that's the primary act of creation."

This is an important statement, given current assumptions about who is responsible for what in a movie. At present, in all those thousands of film courses being given around the country, there is a pronounced lack of emphasis on the conceptual, the writing function. And I suspect it accounts for why so little is coming forth from this film-freakish generation. It is not so much that these students lack something to say; rather, they lack the structural ability to say it. So when that sort of discipline is emphasized in film courses, there is bound to be a change for the better.

Certain purists have attempted to separate film from other artistic disciplines, to find in it what is not writing, what is not drama, what is not sound and musical enhancement. So they opt for spontaneity, improvisation—for the haphazard and the unplanned. If it works at all, it works only once, and only because, for the moment, it seems different. Soon enough, even small, devoted audiences reject it.

I see us, then, coming into a period when film will utilize all the resources available to it. And what opportunities will exist! In the wake of Watergate, with so many millions held in thrall by the unfolding of high political drama, a new kind of political film is bound to emerge, and with a new kind of hero. A case in point: the upcoming filming of Bernstein's and Woodward's book, *All the President's Men*. And there will be more mingling of political realities with traditional suspense, as seen in the recent *Chinatown* and *The Parallax View*.

Movies will survive and prosper (because the audience will be there) as they deepen their involvement with what is happening in and to the world. There is no better medium for the recording and dramatization of the crises—food shortage, overpopulation, depletion of energy sources—that we are facing. As the stresses and strains in ways of living grow more intense, we may expect that cinema artists all over the world—unless held in check by political repression—will reflect what they see around them.

Writer-directors—(top to bottom) Stanley Kubrick, Paul Mazursky, Francis Ford Coppola.

Movies will, of course, continue to entertain and will continue to show what is not shown on television—pornography (where allowed) and sleazy violence for sleepy audiences. But, on the other hand, we may expect television to widen its range: when the potentials of cable and satellite transmissions are reached—and it won't be many years before they will be—the set at home will certainly offer more than it does now.

Dick Cavett may have been prophetic when he said to his co-author, Christopher Porterfield, in their new book, *Cavett*, "There should be 75 channels on which you could watch, among other things, lessons in any language, a man doing card manipulations, a ballet rehearsing, pornographic films, a poker game with cameras behind the players, surgery in progress, home-medical-emergency instruction, a chess game, how to tie knots, live cameras on the main streets of world capitals, lectures from major universities, seances, yoga, authors reading their works, a Navajo doing sand paintings, eggs hatching, and, of course, 'Lucy,' 'Hawaii Five-O,' and so on." He was kidding a bit, but television is already heading in that direction, and for sheer variety movies will be no match.

What will be left for movies to cover?

The will to survive, the tragedies and joys of mankind, interpreted with sensitivity and significance. Great and broad themes, the unraveling of private lives, Arabia resurgent, womanhood on the march, machismo unmasked, the church ascending or declining, the meaning of hunger, the tides of history, the decline or the rise of morals, the past illuminated, the future prefigured. It's all there waiting, ready to spring to vividness through the magic of movies. There's already a cadre of fine young filmmakers, writers, directors, and writer-directors who, in this country, might well be equal to the challenge. Among others: George Lucas, Martin Scorsese, Terence Malick, John Cassavetes, Stanley Kubrick, Paul Mazursky, Francis Ford Coppola. They have nothing but the future before them, and I look forward to what they will produce. □

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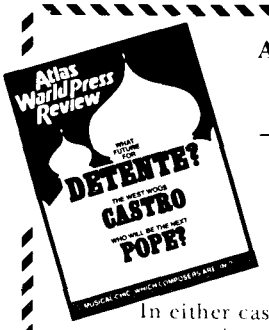

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Ken Bell

Bolshoi Ballet bravura—Liudmila Bogomolova, Stanislav Vlasov.

Marusia and I: To Applaud, to Ponder the Dance

by Walter Terry

Maria Karnilova and I, earlier this year, attended—or, as the French so pertinently put it, *assisté*—a performance at the New York City Center of the exuberant, youthful, and superbly disciplined City Center Joffrey Ballet. "My God!" said the Broadway star. "In my ballet days I couldn't do all the steps that even those *corps de ballet* girls are doing." Later in the year she echoed the same opinion when we went to see the cool, flashing dancers of the New York City Ballet.

Her reactions were absolutely right, for the technical skills required of her and of other ballerinas of the Forties would not suffice today. But Miss Karnilova then posed a question, "Where can they go from here?" It was a casual remark, but as we talked, the implications became serious.

Where indeed will this super-physicality in dance lead us in the 50 years that lie ahead? Will ballet's triumphs of the last 50 years evaporate in the half-century ahead?

Karnilova, American-born, Russian-reared (her childhood was spent in Minsk), is known to this generation of theatergoers as a superb actress: *Fiddler on the Roof* (for which she won a Tony Award as Goldie), *Zorba,* in which she starred, and recently in *Gigi*. But exactly 35 years ago, she began rehearsals as a *corps* dancer for the debut of the American Ballet Theatre, following stints as a child dancer at the Metropolitan Opera, a South American tour with an opera troupe at 14, and chorus jobs in musicals. With ABT, she rose to ballerina status where her versatility enabled her to excel as a brilliant comedienne in Agnes de Mille ballets, as a ravishingly beautiful, lyrical dancer in the title role of *Helen of Troy*, as a dramatic dancer and, of course, as a classical dancer.

AFTER WE HAD WATCHED some of the men dancers accomplish breathtaking feats of skill, Marusia, as she is called in the world of ballet, chuckled, "Do you remember when Dolin [Anton Dolin, the great *premier danseur* of his day] did a double air-turn with his fingers hanging over his forehead in *Giselle*? The Met audience went wild! Just look at these kids today. They can all do doubles. And remember Alicia [Markova, the greatest Giselle of her era and, with Dolin, the Fonteyn and Nureyev of the Forties], when she would do a little jump with a little beat, everyone would scream? And look what these girls are doing today. I just can't believe it!"

We also took note of the fact that today's vast ballet public no longer applauds those examples of virtuosity which excited balletomanes two decades ago. Indeed, *tours en l'air* or *fouettés* are now standard rather than special. True, audiences yell their delight when the Stuttgart Ballet's American star, Richard Cragun, tosses off a triple *tour en l'air* (a feat now emulated by others). Is a quadruple possible?

Once, those 32 flashing, whipping, dizzying *fouettés* in Act III of *Swan Lake* made history. The Italian Pierina Legnani was the first to execute this feat in the Nineties, and when the Russian Mathilde Kschessinska succeeded in mastering them, Imperial Russia did all but call a national holiday (no wonder the czar made Kschessinska that rarest of creatures, a *prima ballerina assoluta*). And for years, that demanding sequence was to the ballerina what the Mad Scene in *Lucia di Lammermoor* was to the coloratura soprano. A mistress of multiple *fouettés* was still rare when the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo came to Amer-

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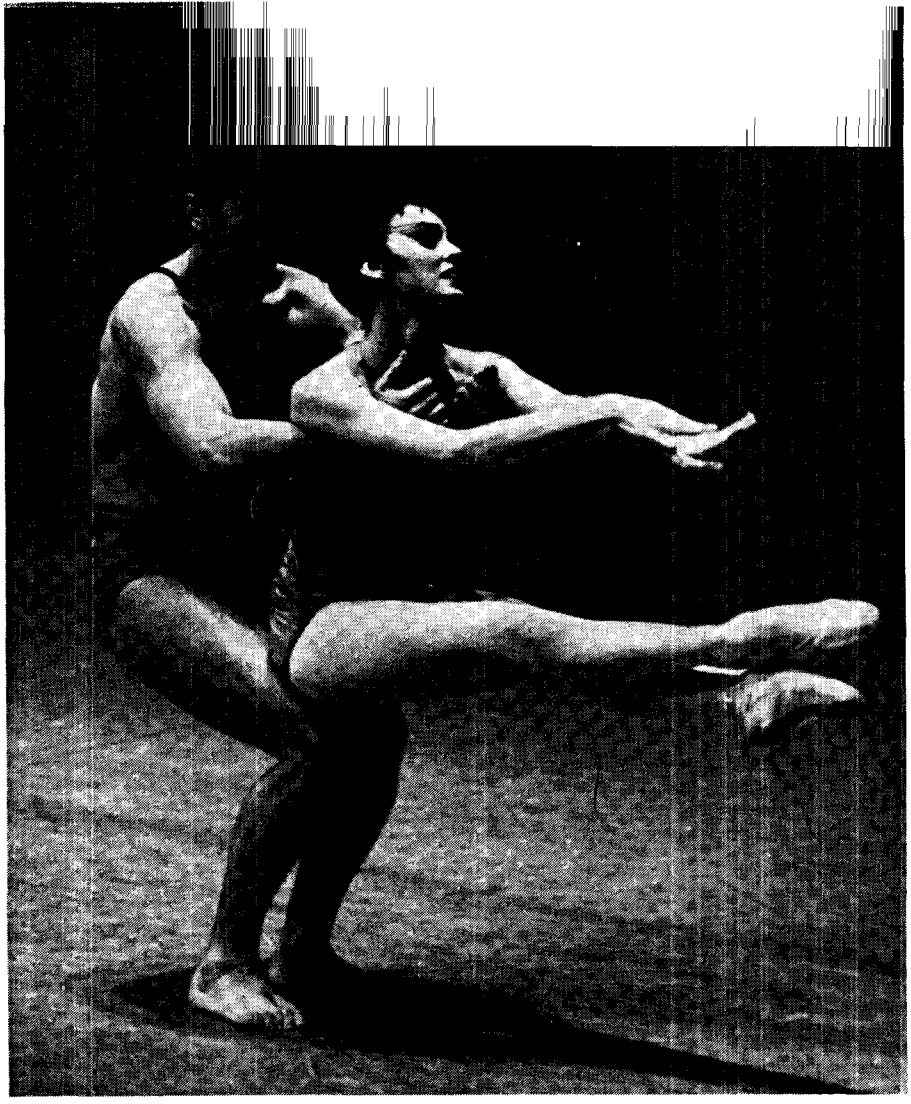
ica in the Thirties The great *prima ballerina* Alexandra Danilova never did do them when I was looking, but the famous teenage "Baby Ballerinas"—Tamara Toumanova, Irina Baronova, Tatiana Riabouchinska—were considered phenomenal because all three could do them. Today, you'll find a whole squadron of girls awhirling on stage. And the *prima*? She'll be doing doubles!

Marusia and I began pondering the "what's next?" on the basis of "what was." Before Legnani, ballet had sunk to a low level in Europe, especially in Paris, the birthplace of classical ballet. Old *Giselle* was pepped up by the inclusion (and intrusion) of the all-girl military drills popular in variety shows. The public had become bored with that romantic ballet which had wildly cheering audiences in Paris, London, Vienna, Copenhagen, Milan, St. Petersburg in the 1830s and '40s. The superstars, the first ballerinas to dance *sur les pointes,* couldn't do much more than get onto those *pointes* and balance there fleetingly. There were no turns on *pointe,* not even a single pirouette, yet critics raved about the ballerinas' "fantastic toe" and "amazing exertions." But by 1850–60, the public had become jaded and was waiting for a Legnani to emerge.

And it had happened before. The first professional ballerina, Lafontaine (1681), had worn dresses that swept the floor, wigs (with plumes and even ships on them), hoops, panniers, high heels. She could barely move, yet Paris had cheered her grace and had hailed her as "Queen of the Dance." A few years later Françoise Prévost mimed the final scene of Corneille's *Horace,* supported neither by words nor music, and caused "tears to flow." But soon Marie Camargo came along and took the heels off her shoes, cut off the bottoms of her skirts (so her legs showed), possibly invented the *entrechat* (for women, at least), and was off and going as ballet's first female virtuoso.

But what Camargo started for the ballerina and what subsequently Gaetano Vestris (who called himself the God of Dance) established in the way of prowess for the men dancers made it essential for each newcomer to top his predecessor in such matters of prowess, not simply out of vanity but because a public, given a dance that focused on physical tricks, wanted new ones.

But is physical virtuosity the essence of ballet? Jean-Georges Noverre, master choreographer, inspired reformer of the



Martha Swope

Macabre mating—Nicholas Magallanes, Patricia McBride in Robbins's The Cage.

"Harmony and intelligence"—Kaye and Karnilova in Tudor's Lilac Garden.

Fred Fehl

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late 1700s, and author of one of the greatest books in the literature of dance, *Lettres sur la danse et les ballets*, wrote of the dancers to be seen in the "establishment" opera houses, "They apply themselves only to the material side of their art, they learn to jump more or less high, they strive mechanically to execute a number of steps. . . ." The dancer "should divide his attention between the mechanism of steps and the movements proper to express the passions."

Every now and again, a Noverre must come along to save the ballet. Karnilova and I talked about ballet cycles we have experienced, not only cycles of advanced technical skills but also the Noverre-like cycles of expressivity. Marusia spoke of Michel Fokine—an early-twentieth-century reformer who saved ballet from the mechanized offsprings of Legnani-style virtuosity and who lived long enough to influence profoundly Karnilova, Nora Kaye, and other teenagers—and of the rewards of dancing the ballets of Antony Tudor, Agnes de Mille and, later, Jerome Robbins (her contemporary) and of passionate dance-dramas, such as *Winesburg, Ohio*, choreographed by her longtime dancing colleague Donald Saddler.

OUTSIDE OF THE BALLET ORBIT, modern dance came into being, almost simultaneously in America and in Europe, in a fierce protest against the mere exploitation of dance prowesses by an aesthetically weary ballet.

At the Joffrey performance, Karnilova and I noticed that there was a delightfully light-and-lively flood of applause for Gerald Arpino's *Kettentanz*, with all of its fine displays of youthful skill, and a different kind of applause, just as long and somehow more resonant, for José Limón's modern-dance telling (perhaps *revelation* is a better word) of the Othello tragedy in *The Moor's Pavane*. Styles in dance gymnastics may come and go, but Noverre's "passions" are without period. The juxtaposition of *Kettentanz* and *Pavane* reminded us of Nora Kaye, as the heroine in Tudor's *Lilac Garden*, rising onto *pointe* not in preparation for executing an act of physical skill but rising to a plane of ecstasy, as she felt her lover's touch upon her shoulder.

Neither Karnilova nor I wish to see the end of breathtaking physical tricks in ballet, but we think it dangerous if virtuosity is simply an end in itself. An important area of ballet is the celebration of the body by the world's super-athlete, the dancer, and to see the dancer defy gravity in sustained balances or aerial excursions, to invite vertigo with vertiginous spins, and to bring elegance to circusy exploits is half the fun of ballet. But the other half of the function of ballet was well stated by Noverre in 1760 in his *Lettres* written in Stuttgart:

> If our souls determine the play and movement of our muscles and tendons, then the feet, body, features, and eyes will be stirred in the right manner, and the effects resulting from this harmony and intelligence will interest equally the heart and the mind. . . . It is shameful that dancing should renounce the empire it might assert over the mind and only endeavor to please the sight.

Noverre's warning of two centuries ago is pertinent to ballet today. In the past 50 years we have presided over a new Golden Age of Ballet. Will the next half-century bring us continuing ballet luster or will it bring a cyclic decline and fall? Marusia and I are among those who ponder as we applaud. □

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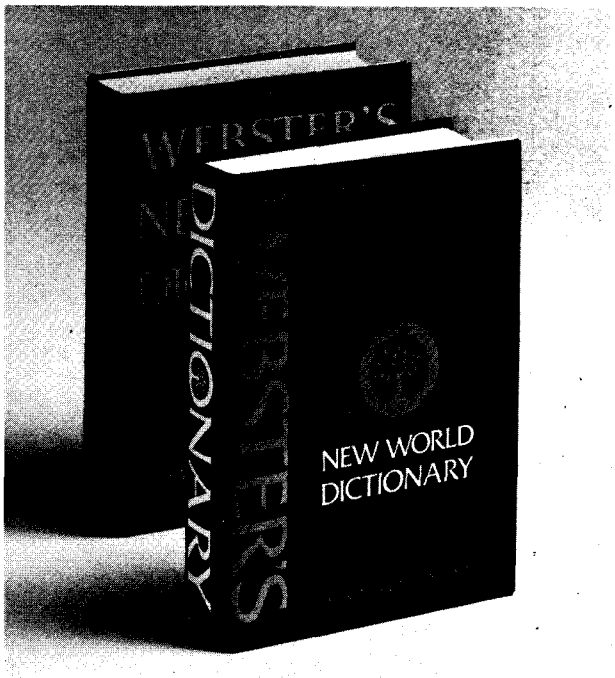

COLLINS WORLD

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Masters & Johnson 20 Years After

Late in July I went to St. Louis to attend a party at Masters & Johnson's, to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the start of their now-historic sex-research program. (They have actually been Masters and Masters for some time now, but "Masters & Johnson" has become at least as unshakably fixed in people's minds as Proctor & Gamble or Benson & Hedges.) Anyway, when I told friends and colleagues where I was going and why, in some cases I noticed that unmistakable oh-wow look, that extra sparkle compounded half of envy, half of congratulations. Visions of orgies dancing in the mind.

I used to get the same oh-wow reaction, often expressed aloud, whenever—over the years, on one journalistic mission or another—I had occasion to visit the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation (R.B.R.F.). Yet the aura at R.B.R.F. was always pristinely antiseptic and totally businesslike—pleasant enough, mind you, never austere; but, if you hadn't known where you were, there was nothing about the place to suggest that its central focus was human sexuality.

The Masters' anniversary party was an old-fashioned, routinely delightful summer garden party, with buffet dinner and cocktails, shared with 100-or-so friends and neighbors.

A few out-of-towners were there, but most were local folks who had stuck with Masters & Johnson through the years, and Dr. Masters acknowledged this support with the only semiformal event of the evening—the presentation of a few "awards" in the form of a symbolic apple to each.

One, for instance, went to Ethan Shepley, who, as chancellor of Washington University, had had the courage to give them permission to go ahead with their research. Another went to Joseph Sunnen, the man who gave them their first small research grant. A couple were awarded to collaborators in the early work, such as K. Cramer Lewis, illustrator and cameraman, and Dr. William Sleator, a research physiologist. An important winner was Richard Amberg, publisher of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, who, had he chosen, could have broken the story long before anybody—least of all Masters & Johnson—was ready for it. By scoring such a scoop, Amberg could have killed the project aborning and cheated us all out of the resulting knowledge. Instead, he exercised amazing journalistic self-discipline—similar to that practiced by the late Will Harrison of the Santa Fe *New Mexican* when he learned, early on, what was going on at Los Alamos.

It is hard to call to mind the sexual atmosphere of that ancient time 20 years ago—so incredible has been the transformation in our sexual outlook. It is hard, too, to look at these two lovely, familiar people, these "just plain folks" from the American heartland, and remember just how fantastically daring and sophisticated was their undertaking. True, Dr. Kinsey had broken the ice, but only verbally, via the questionnaire. Masters & Johnson, by setting up, and persevering in, the first scientific study of the living sexual performance, scored a truly remarkable breakthrough. I think back to my own first sense of shock upon hearing of their research and reflect on how quaint my reaction now seems. I think of the truly innocent books and movies that were banned as immoral and contrast them with suburban couples lining up to see *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones.* Masters & Johnson refuse to take either credit or blame for the way things have gone but rather regard themselves as part of the trend.

Many people believe we may have come *too* far along the road to Anything Goes. And I think Masters & Johnson agree, but they feel that the pendulum will probably swing back again—though only gently and certainly never again all the way back to Ultimate Uptight.

THOUGH Masters & Johnson have become worldwide celebrities in these 20 years, they are neither smug nor content. Too many bestselling books still disseminate scandalous quantities of outright misinformation about sex. Too many counselors who are unqualified to do so have set up shop to help people with sexual problems. Too many people of all ages, including the more open younger people, remain too untutored in the basics of sexuality (though they may have learned the clinical facts of reproductive biology). Moreover, despite Masters & Johnson's own achievement and the recognition and acceptance of their work, it still remains difficult for others (even for them) to do any meaningful sex research or to raise funds for it; and very little, indeed, is now being done. As sociologist John Gagnon once remarked, "Everybody is in favor of sex education but opposed to doing the research that will give us the information we need in order to start educating anybody."

The Masterses' own major efforts over recent years have been devoted to treating people with sexual dysfunction and to training other therapists who can do likewise—a slow process. They realize, with some chagrin, that the proliferation of improperly trained sex counselors is partly their own fault. Their success has encouraged people to be more open about sexual problems and to seek help—and there just aren't enough qualified helpers to go around.

One of their brilliantly simple insights has been that a man-woman team, whether in research or therapy, can achieve much more than either working alone can. Similarly, they have recognized that a couple with a sexual problem must be treated *as a couple*, that where a husband and wife are involved there is no such thing as his problem or her problem, but rather *their* problem. The insights and contributions Masters & Johnson have made to our sexual knowledge and understanding have been legion. I certainly won't attempt to catalog them here. But one accomplishment that Virginia Johnson Masters rates as central is the mere fact that they have helped get people to *honor sex as a natural function.*

At the anniversary party, talking about their 20 years of trailbreaking sex research—maintained with difficulty but maintained nevertheless—I asked Bill Masters, "What would you rate as the most important contribution you have made over these 20 years?"

Without hesitation he replied, "The most important thing is that the work has been done."

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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Culver

A Weather Eye on Angry Seas

Starting this fall, radar scientists will take the measure of whitecaps thousands of miles away in an attempt to realize the mariner's most ancient dream—long-range warning of oncoming storms.

by John Lear

Men have used the seas to carry themselves and their goods from place to place on the earth's surface for thousands of years. They have gambled their lives and their fortunes on the hospitality of the waters. To shorten the odds against themselves, they have tried to learn all they can about the birth and the life cycles of storms. But when all the available knowledge is put together, it doesn't amount to much more than the fact that the waves are whipped into frenzy by winds generated high in the atmosphere above the water. So the best that seamen can do is to watch the signs of bad weather coming and guess which way it's heading and how fast it is moving.

In these late-summer days of 1974, no knowledgeable person would question that capsulation of maritime history. But the story may change swiftly and radically before winter arrives. If it does, the transformation will be brought about by an experiment due to start within a month or two of this writing. The laboratory chosen for the test is 2,000 miles long, stretching from San Clemente Island off Southern California to the southern coast of Alaska.

Observers working for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the Institute for Telecommunication Sciences, and the Naval Research Laboratory of the U.S. Navy will be stationed on the island. With a powerful new radar now being built there, they will measure the height, the speed, and the direction of waves in the Gulf of Alaska.

The experiment will continue for a year. If it succeeds, oceanographers believe that they will in time be able to divide the oceans into squares of equal size and scan each square periodically to see how the water within it is behaving.

The Gulf of Alaska will be the site of the first observations for a very practical reason. Construction of the trans-Alaskan oil pipeline has been underway for some weeks, and within a few years oil will be pouring out of the southern end of the pipe at the port of Valdez and into supertankers destined for Puget Sound. The tankers will be from 1,000 to 1,500 feet long—equal to, or less than, the length of waves that crash along the Alaskan coast during some of the most vicious storms that visit the earth. Suspension of the enormous weight of these giant vessels between two wave tips could tear the ships apart and destroy millions of dollars' worth of property, jeopardize hundreds of lives, and tragically mutilate the environment of the northwestern coast of this country.

Because of the size of the ships and the dirtiness of the weather, oil-tanker crossings of the Alaskan Gulf are not run-of-the-mill examples of sea-state hazards. But the present lack of dependable statistics on wave heights, lengths, and directions does work a universal effect on the cost of shipping. Ignorance of the maximum stress conditions that prevail at sea leaves ship architects no choice but to build safety factors of 300 to 500 percent in their designs (for example, specifying a ¾-inch to 1¼-inch thickness for a steel hull when only a ¼-inch thickness would seem to be required), thus greatly increasing the weight and the cost of ships as compared with the weights and the costs of aircraft, where the usual safety factor is 30 percent. Although the disproportion between these two is staggering, the true extent of the gap in sea-state data does not appear until the 30 percent aircraft safety factor is matched against the 20 percent safety factor in building construction. In other words, almost as much is known about the stress involved in navigating the earth's atmosphere as is known about the stress of standing upright on the earth's surface. But what to expect of the sea is still a vast mystery.

Weather risks are, in fact, so big an influence in shipping that it is commonplace for fleet-owners to hire specialists

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John Lear, former science editor of Saturday Review, *is now vice-president and chief editor of Bauer, Sheaffer, and Lear, Inc., Chicago consultants in urban-rural education.*

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in ocean-routing to reduce time spent in transit, to avoid dangerous conditions, and to improve scheduling of port facilities. These experts say that if they could obtain better data about the state of the sea, they could cut a quarter of a day from the average transatlantic passage and a half a day from a Pacific crossing. The economies could be achieved by directing ships around particularly rough water and onto quieter and safer alternate tracks, by adjusting speed or heading in approaching unavoidable high waves or swells, and by riding favorable currents and tail winds to pick up speed. Operation of a modern ship costs from $10,000 to $20,000 a day. Multiply those figures by 3,000 transoceanic passages per month, and you will have a good idea of what the San Clemente radar experiment means.

Fishing boats especially would benefit from timely sea-state information. For fishing is one of the last of the fiercely competitive industries. About 88,000 craft are in the multitude of small U.S. fleets, which employ about 140,000 fishermen and 85,000 shore workers to harvest their catch—a catch worth $602 million in 1970. Only 20 percent or less of the time at sea is spent in fishing. The rest goes into searching for fish. So advance knowledge of wind or sea conditions inimical to fishing is crucial. Recent studies suggest that the value of the catch in the Gulf of Mexico alone would rise $2 million to $10 million a year if sea-state data improved. No one is willing to guess how much profit would come from ability to forecast fish populations through better understanding of the coastal-current upwellings that carry fish food and, of course, the fish that feed on it.

Offshore oil drilling (which now accounts for 20 percent of the world's proven oil and gas reserves and by 1980 will account for 35 percent) requires reliable warning of hazardous sea conditions. Offshore miners—now mostly small dredgers seeking sand, gravel, and oyster shells for local markets—will be ready to go after the big world market for seafloor manganese nodules as soon as sea-state information is good enough to take out the presently enormous risks. Many millions of dollars are lost every day on seashore and lakeside vacations ruined by poor forecasting of wind and water behavior. More than 2,000 drownings occur annually in this country because of unexpected riptides, surfs fiercer than those forecast, and unpredicted waves that swamp or capsize small boats. Finally, the same radar channels that convey the sea-state data can be used to pinpoint the locations of incipient sea tragedies in time to save the lives of imperiled persons.

"The continuous knowledge of wave measurements has an estimated potential value of $15 billion a year."

Without counting military values (in anti-submarine measures alone the U.S. Navy is spending many millions of dollars a year on such sea-state dependent systems of hydrofoils and air-cushion ships) the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration estimates that continuous knowledge of wave heights, lengths, and directions has a potential value of $15 billion a year.

The cost of the San Clemente experiment is in ludicrous contrast: $1 million.

The experimental method is a twentieth-century application of the ancient sport of archery. The radar array on San Clemente works like a battery of mechanical archers, with drawn bows capable of shooting electromagnetic arrows at the ionosphere, the sea of electricity that envelops the earth upward of 50 miles high in the atmosphere. When properly aimed, the invisible missiles will bounce back down from the underside of the electron sphere to the surface of the ocean and there bounce off the water in all directions. Those of the reflected impulses that head directly toward San Clemente will bounce up to the ionosphere again and then down to their place of origin, where a computer will clock their departure and arrival times.

While all this is happening, the Doppler shift will be operating. The expression of the Doppler shift best known to most people is the change in pitch that occurs in a railroad locomotive whistle as the railroad train approaches or goes away from an observer. As the locomotive nears, the pitch rises. As the locomotive departs, the pitch falls. The degree of change in the pitch is a measure of the speed of the train.

By racking up the Doppler shifts produced by the radar pulses that return to San Clemente, the computer can tell what the waves are doing on any selected patch of ocean.

How did such a fantastic idea ever get into anyone's head? It happened accidentally, in one of the more isolated places of human habitation—New Zealand. New Zealand has one of the longest exposed coastlines in the South Pacific. A broad expanse of it faces the Coral Sea, a focus of great violence in World War II. In those tense times, a radar screen along the coast became a defense imperative. But there were holes in the screen, some of them created by the confusing clutter of reflections of radar impulses from the surface of the water close to shore. Low-flying airplanes could skim close to this clutter and lose themselves in it, thus escaping detection. During the war military radar operators longed for ways of getting rid of the clutter, but they were too busy searching for potential invaders to take time to analyze the Doppler shifts that were known to be embedded in the radar pulses. Relaxation of tension after the war allowed New Zealand scientists to improve their radars and so to turn sea-surface clutter from a nuisance into an ally.

Douglas D. Crombie, one of the researchers, could plainly see across the 20-mile-wide stretch of water that his surface-hugging radar waves spanned. To his eyes, the sea was a wilderness of motion. Waves were breaking in all directions, but his radar screen showed no corresponding mishmash of reflection. If his outgoing signals had hit a ship or an airplane, the signals would have come straight back to their starting place and formed a shimmery spike on the screen. As he sent out signals over the water, however, the point of return on his screen remained blank. On either side of that point, equidistant from it, two equally shimmery spikes appeared. No matter what frequency the signals were sent out on, those two images always came back, always in the same relationship to the normal signal-return point. From the consistency of this pattern, Crombie deduced that he was observing only those waves that were moving directly in line with his signal transmitter. One of the two reflections was from waves that were approaching; the other was from the waves that were going away.

As he moved from one radar frequency to another, he noticed an odd behaviorism of the Doppler shift. Ordinarily, it would be proportional to the

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signal's frequency. When Crombie doubled the frequency while he watched the ocean, the Doppler did not double; it remained proportional to the square root of the signal frequency. Crombie recognized that if the ocean waves he was focused on were exactly half as long as the radar waves he was transmitting as signals, everything he was seeing could be accounted for by a well-known phenomenon of physics called "Bragg backscatter," after the British scientists who first discovered it in X-raying crystal structure. Bragg backscatter led to identification of DNA, the heredity master-code molecule. Bragg backscatter now makes possible the three-dimensional quality of holograms.

Crombie published his interpretation of the "peculiar reflections" in the British scientific journal *Nature* in 1955. Some scientists who read his report jumped to a conclusion that its author did not state: that it would immediately be possible to follow the progress of storms at sea from afar. The jumpers had jumped because they knew that one of the constant relationships in nature is the relationship between electromagnetic wavelengths and the frequency of the waves. When one of these two is multiplied by the other, the total equals the speed of light, which approximates 300 million meters per second. A radar operator who wanted to apply this equation to see how high the sea was running at a certain place in the ocean would simply aim his transmitter at that place and change the transmitting frequency until the two Bragg backscatter spikes appeared on his screen. He would then divide the speed of light by the frequency he was using at that moment and so determine the length of the radar waves. He would then split that length in half to get the length of the water waves and finally would divide the water wavelength by seven (an old mariners' formula) to get the maximum height of the waves on that particular patch of ocean.

Theoretically, that was it. But the theory didn't work out so simply in practice. To begin with, the surface-hugging radar waves Crombie used could not be very informative about the state of the sea, for their longest reach was 100 miles or so from land. To get out to deep water, it would be necessary for the operator to shift to the sky-wave mode of radar propagation, which bounced the electronic signals off the ionosphere onto the water. At frequencies above 30 megacycles per second, the waves would pierce the ionosphere and be lost in interplanetary space. Therefore, the operating frequencies of the radar would have to be held between 5 and 30 megacycles. And at those frequencies, the radar wavelengths would run from 10 to 60 meters. The ocean waves being observed would be half that size—between 16 and 100 feet long and from 2 to 14 feet high.

Now waves of those dimensions have no value as indicators of storm. They occur in all the oceans at all times, equally in good weather and in bad. Storm waves begin at 100 feet and run to half a mile or more in length and crest as high as 50 feet.

Crombie had no illusions about the prospects for immediately practical application of his discovery. But he was not blind to the probability of future developments, either. A patient man, he was willing to wait. As occasion offered, he sent radar signals at different frequencies out over open water at different places he traveled to, and he recorded the nature of the echoes. Two of these occasions occurred at Barbados in 1968 and in 1969. They turned out to be very important because his data were noticed by a young American scientist who was interested in exploring the moon from an armchair in Columbus, Ohio.

This young man was Donald Barrick, a graduate of Ohio State University, who did his post-graduate work in the early Sixties, in the years immediately following the late President John F. Kennedy's decision to land Americans on the moon before Russians could get there. A landing could not be risked until the nature of the lunar surface was ascertained with reasonable certainty. Some astronomers believed that anyone who attempted a landing would sink up to his neck or beyond in moon dust. The only accurate tools then available for assuaging these fears were the radar waves. From Ohio State, Barrick went to the Battelle Research Institute at Columbus to experiment with means of drawing from those waves even more information about surfaces as rough as the face of the moon.

THE OCEANS of the earth are covered by an enormous collection of rough surfaces. And Battelle had Naval Research Laboratory contracts that involved Barrick with NRL's efforts to use Bragg backscatter to extend the observational powers of the U.S. Navy. It seemed evident to Barrick that in any maze of surfaces facing in a multitude of directions there would have to be many pairs of surfaces which faced at right angles to each other. A radar signal striking one of such a pair of surfaces would bounce off that surface onto the second surface of the pair and then bounce back from it toward the place where the signal had originated, precisely as a ball does in a handball court. The travel times of a host of these paired reflections should be susceptible to automatic stacking in a computer memory. The dominant reflections would make themselves noticeable within the stack. And the Doppler shifts of these dominant reflections would reveal the size, the direction, and the speed of the waves produced by a prevalent storm.

Barrick worked out the mathematics necessary for putting what he called "second-order Bragg backscatter" to work. He later learned that a West German scientist, at about the same time and entirely independently, had set down the same principles without attempting to execute them. Barrick not only executed them but also published them at an international symposium sponsored by the Institute of Electrical and Electronic En-

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gineers at the University of California, Los Angeles, in 1971.

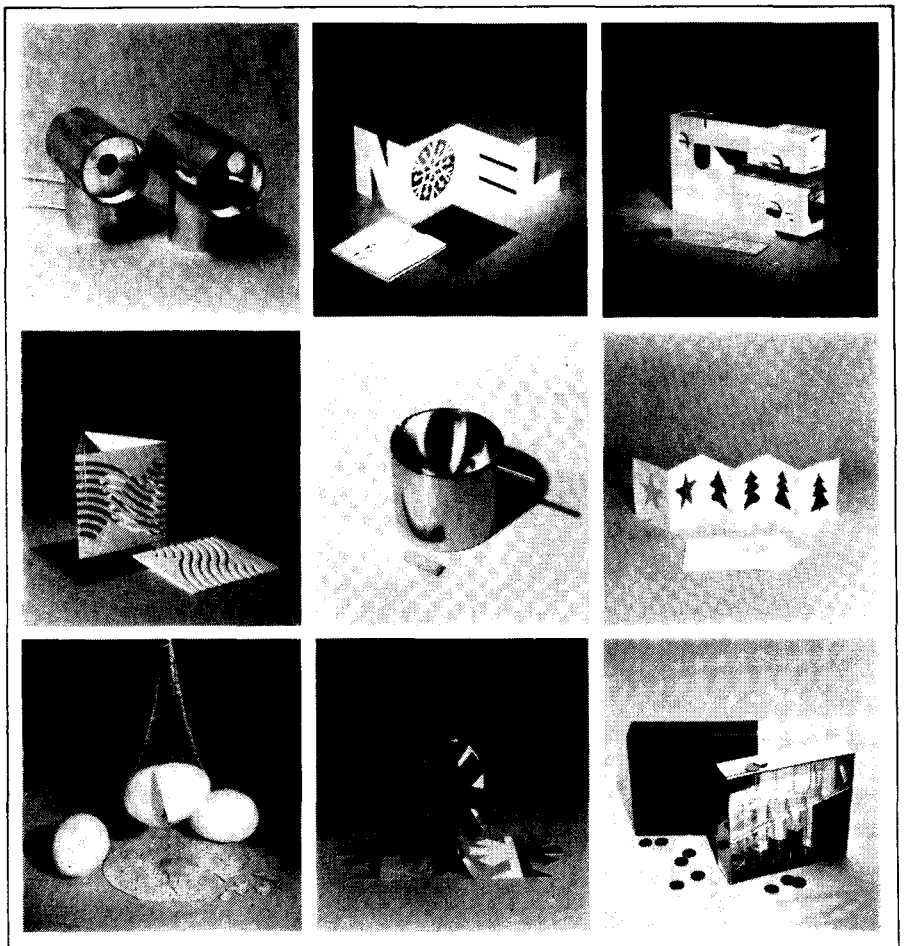
In that very same year a Naval Research Laboratory group led by James Headrick cranked Barrick's new math into the electronic brain of a powerful radar transmitter built on top of a cliff at Chesapeake Beach, Md., and began to patrol the waves in the North Atlantic. From the water movement the group deduced the speed and the direction of the winds that created the waves. Observations were made during Hurricane Ginger in 1971, during a much larger but less violent storm off Newfoundland, and during a calm that prevailed virtually all the way from Norfolk to Dakar. Maps of the deduced winds were imposed on actual weather maps for those periods in that area, with results that the navy officially and publicly rated from "quite good" to "excellent."

An enthusiastic NRL researcher took these startling data to an influential admiral, who saw in them incalculable implications for sea power in the future. He promised to free generous funding for the sea-state study if one proviso could be met: that the wind condition be deduced from shore on a particular day for a particular patch of sea where part of the Atlantic Fleet was stationed and that the actual winds prevailing over that patch of sea be reported at the time by the ships themselves. If the two sets of data fit closely, the research money would be released immediately.

Unfortunately, the wind died during the test while the waves were still running high under the impetus of a hard blow that had tormented the ships for several hours previously. The radar readings ashore were disastrously far off the real situation at sea.

By that time, men had landed on the moon and space probes were taking flyby pictures of earth's sister planets. Suddenly, radar waves lost their dramatic early role in interplanetary space exploration. The environment of the earth itself became the place where the action was for radar specialists. Barrick left Battelle for the remote-sensing research headquarters of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration at Boulder, Colo. With him he took an awareness that the spectacular failure of the NRL test in the Atlantic was not due to the capability of the radar apparatus or to the accuracy of the mathematical formulas around which the radar handball game was played, but to the types of inference that were drawn from what was seen on the radar screen. Had the skippers of the navy ships been asked to report the height and the length of the ocean waves instead of the strength of the winds, the enthusiastic admiral would have been vindicated and sea-state research would be several years further ahead of where it is now.

At Boulder, Barrick found Crombie, who some years prior had moved from New Zealand to the United States, had adopted American citizenship, and had become director of the Institute for Telecommunication Sciences. One of the institute's principal responsibilities is the designing and building of advance radar apparatus for special purposes. From his old contacts at NRL, Barrick knew of a very special purpose. An important naval person had suggested that sea-state radar techniques might be applied to detection of submarines. Preliminary tests had been carried out on the Salton Sea, in California, a quiet inland body of water



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out of the way of curiosity-seekers. The results were encouraging; so NRL looked for a chance to continue the experiments in deep water. And on San Clemente Island Crombie's people built for NRL an improved model of the surface-hugging radar-wave transmitter that Crombie had used in New Zealand. Although its maximum range was only 60 miles, the instrument was rigged to play Barrick's favorite game—second-order Bragg backscatter handball—with a precision never tried before.

The submarine aspect of that experiment is not talked about nowadays. The results aren't classified for security reasons, but people with access to information seem more secure when they act as if a security classification were in force. That paradox is familiar but not relevant to this story. The important point is that the experiment gave Crombie and Barrick an opportunity to work closely with NRL radar research chief Headrick and the navy boss at San Clemente, Dr. Robert Bogle. One of the incidental consequences was a 30-hour-long tape recording of second-order Bragg backscatter data covering two hours a day on each of 15 days between November 1, 1972, and April 30, 1973.

The backscatter tape was checked against simultaneous readings taken by an instrumented buoy that rode the waves in the target area throughout the experiment, and a further check was made of wave behavior through a process called "hindcasting." The first step in hindcasting is to record official weather reports of directions and speeds of winds that entered a target area from all directions during a stated time in the past. The second step is to calculate from this complexity of data what the state of the sea was in the target area at that particular time. This seemingly spooky task is now so routinely performed that hindcasting recipe books are published and some companies make an exclusive business of cooking up the right batches of information. In the San Clemente instance, the hindcasts and the buoy reports and the backscatter data all matched so closely that Barrick and Crombie and Headrick and Bogle agreed that the time had come to lift the radar signals off the surface of the earth and pitch them skyward.

The currently prevailing shortage of copper wire could conceivably delay the start of the Alaskan Gulf scan. But Crombie's technicians, who are building the new components that must be added to the radar transmitter array for this special purpose, told me in Boulder that they think they have the time schedule under control. They are planning to operate 24 hours a day during at least four of the seven days of every week throughout an entire year. By passing through full cycles of light and darkness and the four seasons, they will be able to judge the efficiency of their apparatus as the ionosphere rises and falls, waxes and wanes, in response to the presence or the absence of the sun as well as to the varying intensity of solar storms and calms.

The experimental radar transmitter will be placed at the north end of San Clemente. The signal beam will skirt the coast of California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia before hitting the Pacific coastline of Alaska. Because of the sky hops that the signals must make, there will be an observational blind zone between San Clemente and San Francisco. But from the 1,000-mile mark around Seattle to the 2,000-mile mark along the shore of the Gulf of Alaska, the signaling instrument will be able to focus on any 80-by-80-mile square of ocean water within a 40-degree arc azimuth, which at the northern limit of the radar swings to the westernmost tip of the Aleutian Island chain. It may or may not be a coincidence that the sky above this target area is the birthplace of much of the weather that moves across the United States. Once the ability to monitor the ocean waves has been established, the behavior of the wave-driving winds will be open to more intensive scrutiny than ever before.

Assuming the success of the purely sea-state aspect of the experiment—which all of the four members of the experimental management team do—the earliest time for inauguration of operational sea-state observations would be July 1978. Theoretically, at least, it would then be possible to monitor the North Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, the Pacific shore of Central America, and the northernmost tip of South America's Pacific coast with two radar arrays at a single observation point near Chattanooga, Tenn. The inland site would be desirable in order that the blind zone of the radars would be over land. A similar observatory near the geographical intersection of the states of Oregon, Idaho, and Nevada could watch the Pacific Ocean to the tip of the Aleutian Islands, almost out to Hawaii, and down to southernmost Mexico.

The experiment on San Clemente has been designed to answer the greatest number of scientific and technological questions that oceanographers, meteorologists, and telecommunication specialists can assemble. But in the end the toughest problem involved in sea-state forecasting may turn out to have nothing to do with either science or engineering. The big question may be a simple human one: how can the need for sea-state data be fit into the myriad other needs that are already being filled (transmission of texts of overseas cables, for example) through use of the same radar wavelengths that are most efficient in obtaining sea-state information? Will it be possible to work out a sharing formula that will please everyone, including decision-makers in those Third World nations that lack the wealth and scientific sophistication to study the sea on their own? □

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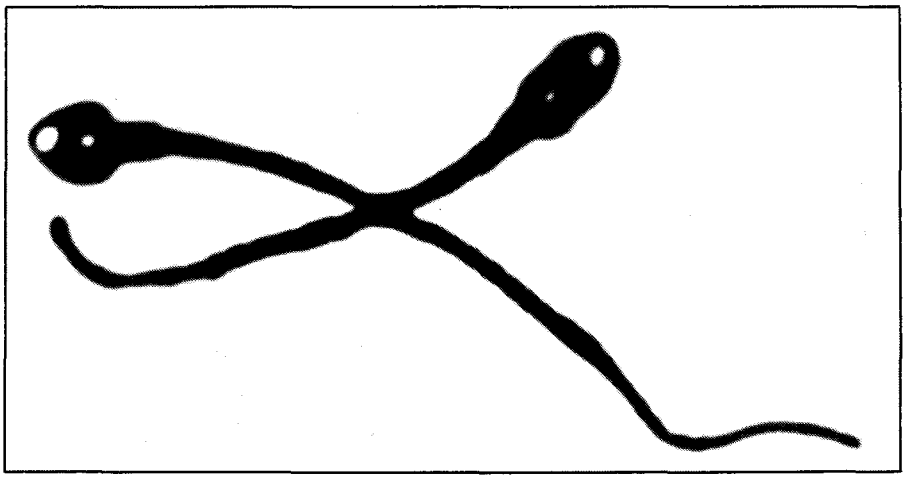
If Oedipus' Parents Had Only Known

by Albert Rosenfeld



Gynosperm and androsperm—"The male apparently gets short-changed genetically."

Monarchs have traditionally wanted a boy first (so, indeed, have most parents), as heir to the throne. But King Laius of Thebes and his queen, Jocasta, really, *really* would have preferred a girl. They had been warned by the oracle that they would have a son who would kill his father and marry his mother. Sure enough, they did go ahead and have Oedipus—as we know from Freud in case we missed Sophocles.

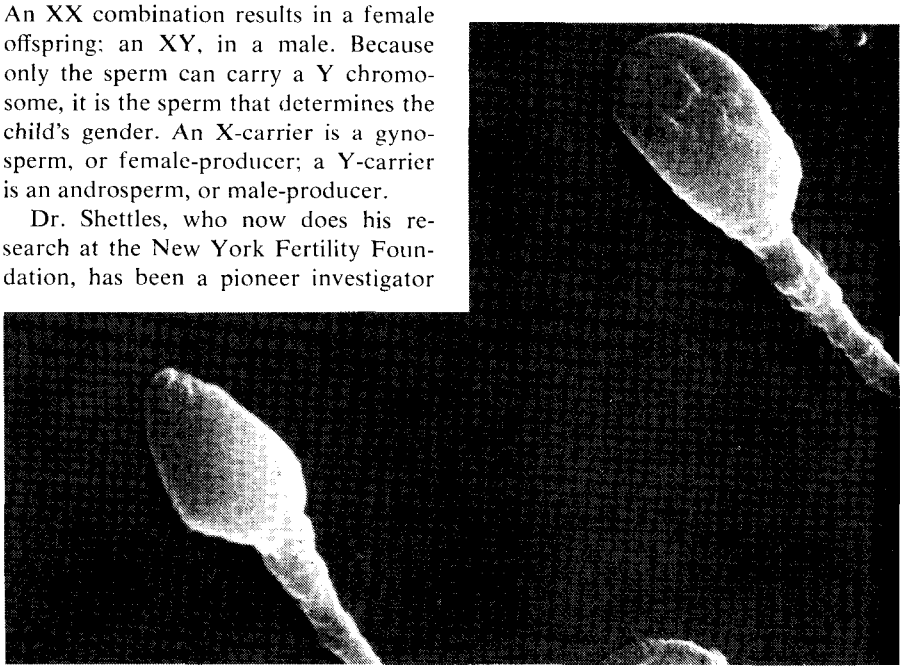
If Laius and Jocasta had known what we know today about sperm and egg, or if they had had the contemporary equivalent of Dr. Landrum B. Shettles of New York to consult . . .

Among the facts we now know about the human sperm cell is that it is a packet of genetic material propelled by the energetic lashings of its tail—which it discards once it has reached and penetrated the egg. In the process of fertilization, it unites its 23 chromosomes with the egg's 23 to make up the 46 required to complete the manual of genetic instructions for the procreation of a human being.

Egg and sperm each carries, among its 23 chromosomes, a specific sex-determining chromosome, designated as X or Y. The egg's is always an X chromosome. An XX combination results in a female offspring; an XY, in a male. Because only the sperm can carry a Y chromosome, it is the sperm that determines the child's gender. An X-carrier is a gynosperm, or female-producer; a Y-carrier is an androsperm, or male-producer.

Dr. Shettles, who now does his research at the New York Fertility Foundation, has been a pioneer investigator in procreative biology. He has particularly sought to distinguish the differences between the two types of sperm—and to use the knowledge to help prospective parents predetermine the sex of their children. Photographs he produced a few years ago were not so clear to other scientists as to him; hence they were controversial and not universally accepted. But these new photographs, especially that below, taken by the scanning electron microscope, distinctly show the differences.

In each picture the sperm with the smaller, rounder head is the male-producing Y-carrier, and the larger, more oval head belongs to the female-producing X-carrier (hereinafter to be called Y and X and referred to as *he* and *she* as a space-saving convenience—though it does seem a bit strange to be calling a sperm *she*). X carries more genetic material; the male apparently gets short-changed genetically. In addition to being lighter, Y has a longer tail. Thus he is speedier. (Shettles has confirmed this difference by racing them.) But X is more durable. If the egg is ready and waiting, Y has a better chance of getting there first. But if ovulation is still a couple of days away, Y is more likely to have used up his energy, switching the odds to X, who, moving at a more stately pace, picks up the prize.



Y (left) and X carriers—Scanning electron microscope shows distinct differences.

Other factors that favor Y are an alkaline environment and the presence of the secretions that follow female orgasm. X does better when conditions are slightly acidic. She doesn't necessarily *like* the acid—which in fact slows down both X and Y—but X is apparently better equipped to "tough it out." These discoveries are not all Shettles's by any means, but he uses them—as do a few other doctors—to give parents an opportunity to call the shots with claims of 80 to 85 percent accuracy (see box).

SHETTLES HAS FOR YEARS been interested in those families that have all girls or all boys. In the fathers of all-boy families that he investigated, the spermatozoa were almost exclusively Ys, and in the all-girl cases, they were predominantly Xs.

In normal sperm, by the way, Ys are present in greater quantities. Nature seems to have provided the added quantity to offset the Y's greater fragility. Though Shettles estimates, from a study of the literature, that 160 males are conceived for every 100 females, so many male embryos are spontaneously aborted

(Continued on page 52.)

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

On Our Hundredth Birthday

Looking back from 2024, one can see countless changes in the English language since 1974. The proliferation of technological terms has slowed down greatly in the last two or three decades, of course, but there have been many new terms necessitated by the new awarenesses that have eventuated concomitant with and as a result of the depth of experience of Universal Transcendental Existentialism.

It seems macabre, I suppose, to be in any way grateful for the Great Famine; yet we must accept the fact that there are good things that resulted from it.

There seems no point in recalling the persons who sold all that American food to the Arab states, which let most of it go to waste and made those enormous profits that they had no way of using, and we've put the years of Bloody Uprising far behind us, thank the Spirits.

What is most notable and significant, I think, is the way the Empress of Chung-Kuo-China came to the aid of Mei-Kuo-United-States in our time of need, for it was most certainly her own nation's time of need also. Out of love for her fellow person, she sent Chung-Kuo-Chinese technicians to our shores to teach us how to better utilize *jen li* (remember when we said "manpower"?) and *nü ren chuen li*. (Did we ever say "womanpower" in the old days? I don't recall. We did, of course, say "The Family of Man" instead of "The Family of Person." Come to think of it, I guess that's a basic linguistic change. We're so thoroughly reconditioned that it's easy to forget.)

The Empress's technicians were invaluable to the formerly highly industrialized nations after Bloody Uprising and Post-Famine, when we had to face the fact that we had squandered the traditional bounty of Earth Energy. The Chung-Kuo-Chinese had used persons and animals for power to a much greater extent than we had, and they taught us old and new lessons to help us to get out of the dust. Now, of course, we use the sun, the moon, the winds, and the magnetic fields to generate abundant energy for the operation of *shê hui*, or society, as we used to put it.

In 1974 there was no such thing as an electricon: dictionaries were ordinary books of various sizes, and the real need for electronic ones had not been felt because in the West we had only the alphabet and did not yet have to codify ideograms and link them to alphabetic equivalents in the various languages.

It will be several years before the scholars at World Federation complete the first formulation of Unitranspeech, but we're already able to communicate many more thoughts than we could only two or three decades ago by means of ideograms—again, thanks to the influence of the Chung-Kuo-Chinese all over the world.

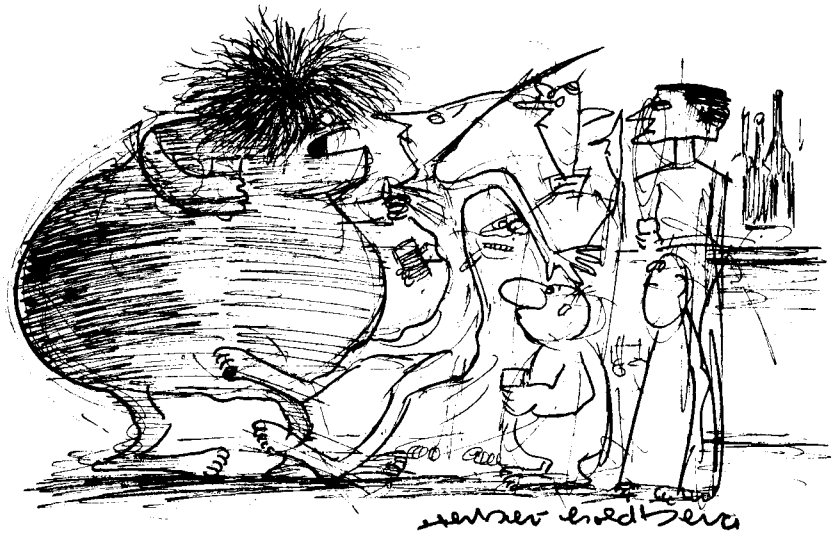
Ideograms have considerably, though subtly, contributed to the growth of Universal Transcendental Existentialism, too. They are becoming universally accepted symbols, and they're one step closer to referents than words, which are phonetically restrictive. I'm trying to teach myself to read so well in ideograms that I don't have to think the word between the ideogram and its referent. It's terribly difficult, but I know a few people who can do it. They tell me it's almost like a mystical experience.

I said earlier that it seems macabre to be grateful for the Great Famine, but gratitude is not really out of place. From great tragedy can come great good, and most respectable opinion as we approach the second quarter of the twenty-first century holds that had it not been for the incalculable loss of life all over the globe in the Famine, we might never have experienced the full knowledge of the Siblinghood of Personkind and the terrible urgency of Universal Transcendental Existentialism. We might not have found the Spirits; what used to be called ecology (can you believe people *argued* about it not so very long ago?) would not have become instinctualized, never again to be perverted. It's not unlikely that, if there had been no Great Famine, the Family of Person, lacking knowledge of the Spirits and having knowledge of destructive devices, might have obliterated this piece of the Universe by the year 2000!

The memory of the Great Famine has become a part of personkind's Universal Transcendental Existentialist psyche, thank the Spirits. We'll never lose it, and it will always keep us sensitive to the Good.

On the other hand, I remember hearing tales of a Great Flood . . . □

Thanks to Mr. Chou Hung-siang, of the Department of Oriental Languages, U.C.L.A., for his help with my Chinese.



"Look, my squeamy, smarmy, simpering, liberal friend, it's my galaxy right or wrong!"

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 24): opts, spot, pots, tops, stop, post.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 28): The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Carlyle

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Double-Crostic No. 56

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 A	2 R		3 S	4 G	5 F		6 X	7 A		8 L	9 I	10 Q	11 T	12 R	13 O	14 F														
15 S	16 U		17 C	18 T	19 N	20 H		21 W	22 I		23 G	24 E	25 C	26 Y	27 A															
28 N	29 Y	30 S	31 H	32 L		33 T	34 K	35 V	36 J	37 C		38 D	39 T		40 V	41 L														
42 E	43 A		44 F	45 W		46 Q	47 J	48 W	49 P		50 M	51 O	52 X	53 G		54 V														
	55 C	56 A	57 O	58 Y	59 E		60 N	61 Q	62 V	63 S	64 J	65 H	66 F		67 K	68 X														
69 M		70 Y	71 R		72 A	73 H	74 Y		75 M	76 S	77 X		78 V	79 K		80 W														
81 F	82 S	83 G	84 I		85 D	86 S		87 V	88 U	89 K		90 C	91 P	92 N	93 S															
94 R	95 M		96 X	97 O	98 G		99 V	100 B		101 T	102 H		103 L	104 U	105 F															
106 P	107 C	108 L	109 H		110 T	111 O	112 E	113 Q		114 L	115 U	116 R		117 J	118 K	119 B														
120 G	121 I	122 T		123 D	124 U		125 O	126 W		127 B	128 C	129 J	130 G	131 H	132 U	133 P														
134 R	135 Q		136 H	137 K	138 L	139 D	140 Y		141 J	142 X	143 I		144 X	145 C		146 K														
147 V		148 P	149 E	150 D	151 O	152 J	153 R		154 W	155 G		156 I	157 C	158 L	159 V	160 J														
	161 S	162 J	163 U		164 D	165 W	166 E		167 U	168 C	169 G	170 K	171 I	172 M	173 O															
174 N	175 Y		176 J	177 Q	178 B	179 W		180 W	181 Q	182 E		183 U	184 A	185 Y	186 O	187 D														
188 C	189 W	190 Q	191 K	192 L		193 W	194 D	195 V	196 R	197 G	198 H	199 N																		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
.. Folk and square-dance party	1 7 27 43 56 72 184
). Seaport, NW Algeria	100 119 127 178
:. Literally, exactly (3 wds.)	17 25 37 55 128 145 157 90 107 168 188
'. Renounce, relinquish, esp. in a formal manner	194 38 85 123 139 150 164 187
. Caused keen irritation or resentment	24 42 59 112 149 166 182
. Eng. poet and essayist (1840–1921; "Proverbs in Porcelain")	5 14 44 66 81 105
). Collapsed (2 wds.)	197 4 83 120 130 155 98 169 23 53
'. Eng. author and scientist (1667–1735) to whom Pope wrote an epistle	73 131 136 198 20 31 65 102 109
. Plot of ground where young plants are grown before transplanting	143 171 9 84 156 22 121
. Style that surfaced in the late 40s (3 wds.)	129 141 152 162 36 117 176 47 64 160
(. Smeared, shellacked	170 191 118 146 67 79 137 34 89
.. Compensation for loss	138 108 8 41 103 114 158 32 192

CLUES	WORDS
M. Liking	50 75 172 69 95
N. Afr. antelope noted for leaping ability	174 28 60 92 199 19
O. Pope, 741–52	57 97 151 51 111 186 13 125 173
P. Embroidered, apronlike vestment worn by the *high priest (Judaism)*	49 148 91 133 106
Q. Peers	135 177 190 10 61 46 113 181
R. Range of low ridges in S and SW England (2 wds.)	71 94 2 153 134 116 196 12
S. Assault, attack	86 15 63 76 161 82 30 3 93
T. American coots, e.g. (2 wds.)	110 11 101 18 39 33 122
U. Thackeray novel	167 104 88 163 115 132 124 183 16
V. Lowermost member of a classical entablature	54 40 159 78 195 99 62 87 35 147
W. The art of drawing ground plans	189 80 21 126 154 179 48 180 193 165 45
X. Uto-Aztecan language spoken in central Mexico	6 52 96 68 142 144 77
Y. Study of communities and settlements of people	58 140 29 74 26 70 185 175

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 55* appears on page 29.

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(**Science:** *continued from page 49.*)
that only 105 males are actually born for every 100 females. This handicap appears necessary because more males die at almost every age until, toward the end of life, women outnumber men, reversing the original ratio.

Many researchers have sought ways to separate Xs from Ys, and, by using artificial insemination, to ensure the outcome 100 percent. They have tried centrifugation, electrophoresis, and sedimentation, as well as immunologic and other methods to separate Xs from Ys—and with fair success.

Other methods, too, exist for predetermining the sex of offspring, but they cannot be used until *after* conception, which makes them more controversial and less acceptable ethically. Not that tampering with Xs and Ys is free of controversy. Many people feel that this line of research should not be pursued at all, that people should not have this kind of power and choice. Some fear that passing fads and preferences could drastically overbalance the population one way or the other, thus affecting everything from the economy to the crime rate to the incidence of homosexuality. Others favor this option as a population reducer, arguing that most families that might otherwise go on and on "trying for a girl" or boy might be content with two children—a boy and a girl.

Parents do, in general, seem to welcome the opportunity to preselect the sex of their children; and once the choice is available, they will undoubtedly take advantage of it. □

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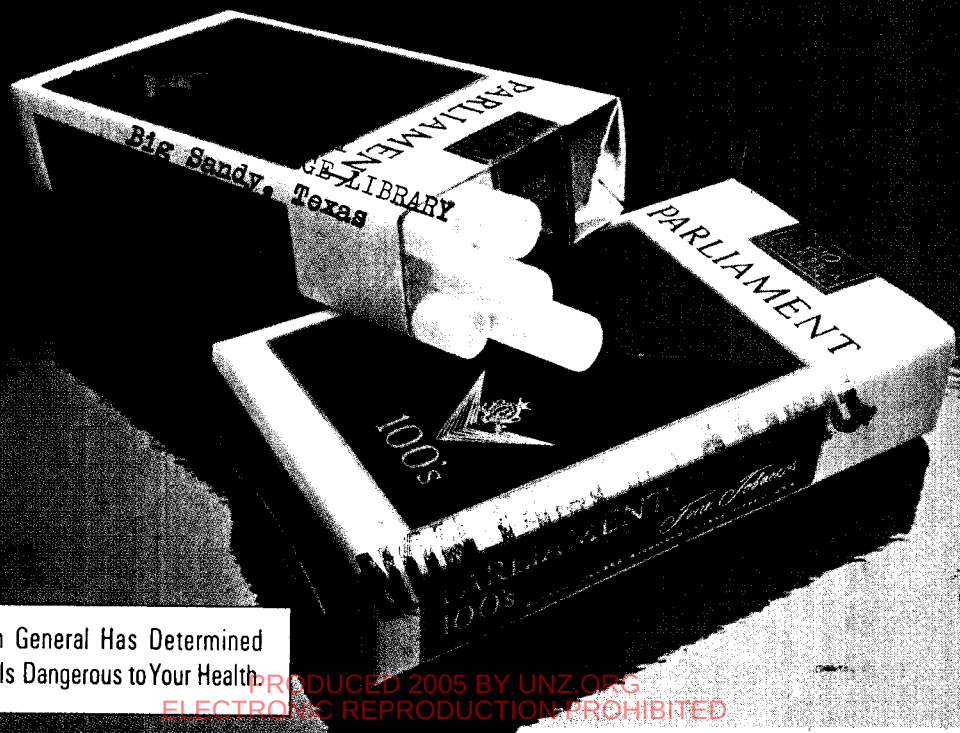

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